The Bystander, July 21, 1915.—No. 607. Vol. XLVII

The BYSTANDER

AMERICA TO GERMANY: "If you don't darned well stop this submarine business, and cease your murderous attacks on American citizens we'll—er—er we'll—hum—er—well—we'll jolly well send you another firm Note"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP." Evenings, at 8.35. Mat., Sat. at 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE, Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Little June, Lupino Lane. Preceded at 8 by "The Vine."

COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. YVETTE GUILBERT, LYDIA KYASHT in "JAVOTTE." VESTA TILLEY, MLLE. POLAIRE in "LE MANNEQUIN, AMOUREUX," THE IRISH PLAYERS in "THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN," IGNACE PLATOR, GERTIE GITANA, BEATIE AND BABS, etc. 7541 Ger.

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An International Exhibition of Artificial Limbs will be opened at Roehampton House, Roehampton Lane, S.W., on July 20th to 23rd inclusive. Gold and Silver Medals, as well as Diplomas, will be given for the best Exhibits. The Exhibition is arranged with the approval of the Directors General of the Navy and Army Medical Services, and the President of the Royal College of Surgeons.
Members of the Medical profession will be admitted on presentation of visiting cards. The Exhibition will be open to the public at an admission of 2/- on July 20th, 21st, and 23rd, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 5 p.m.
Further particulars can be obtained from C. H. Kenderdine, Esq., Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.

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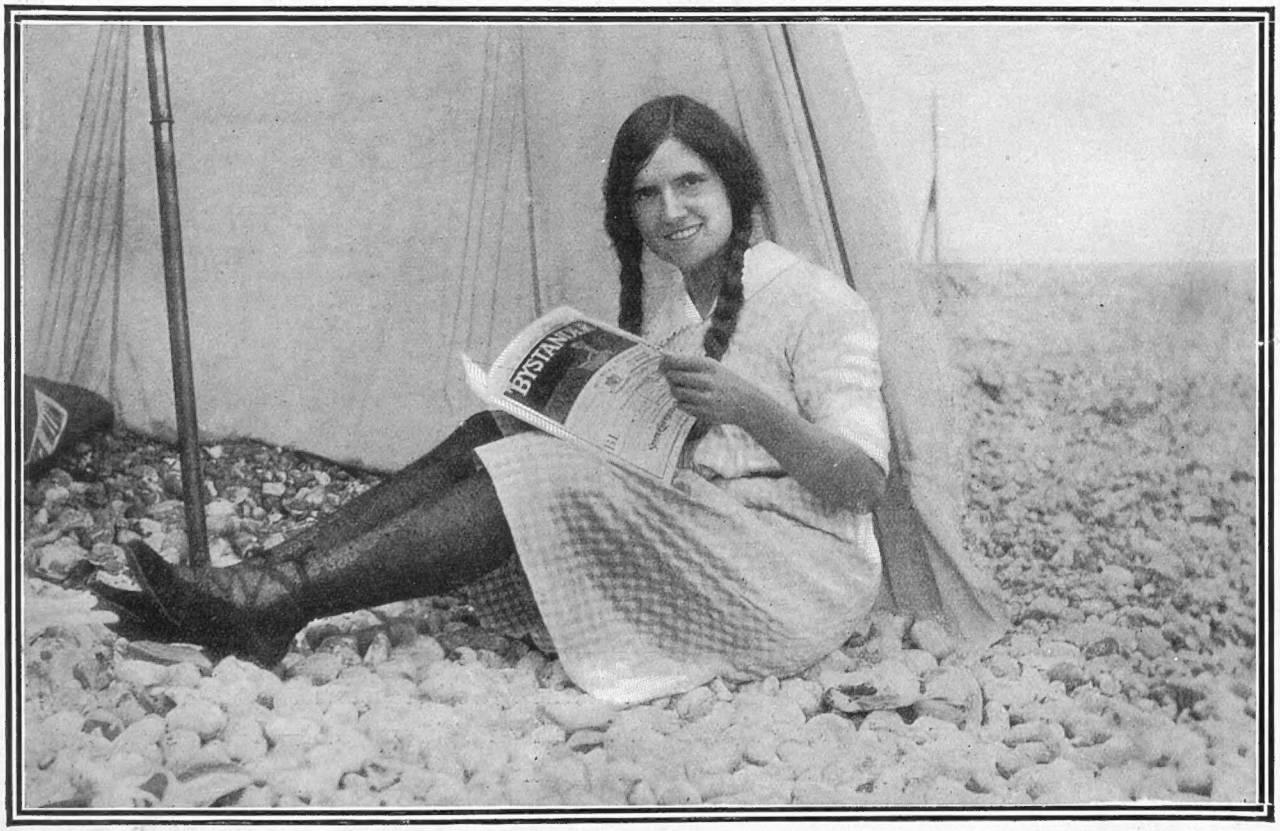
SEVERAL OTHER BRANCHES of War Work.
PLEASE CONTRIBUTE.
Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, London, W.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½d. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.



Photograph] THE BYSTANDER GIRL—SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND [*Clive Holland*

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

IS GERMANY FAKING A VICTORY?

BY THE EDITOR

Manipulating the War-News

FOR about the sixth time during the present year the German Headquarters' Staff issued last week an obviously exaggerated account of a victory in the Argonne, and for the sixth time also the London Press expressed itself as puzzled to account for it. Why, it was again asked, should the Germans thus invite flat contradiction by the French, especially in view of the fact that their reports are, as a general rule, accurate?

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Domestic Reasons

The answer is undoubtedly "domestic reasons"—for one, the Crown Prince's reputation. He promised to "pierce the line" by a given date, and pierce it he must and shall—at all events in the German papers. By August 4 the Germans are anxious to create a situation that they can *call* complete victory all round. They count on a complete victory over the whole Russian armies and the possession of Warsaw at least. If on the west front the victory has to be "faked," well, what are German journalists that they should not do their duty by the Fatherland with the rest of German flesh?

***

Saving Their Faces

Simultaneously with the alleged triumph of the Crown Prince, the official German Press abounded with claims that the submarine campaign against England had been a brilliant success. The mistress of the seas was overthrown. England was paying more for her food. She was forced to economise. She could no longer control the markets of the world. Once again the London Press, poor thing, failed to understand. It knew perfectly well that the mistress of the seas was more mistressful than ever: that her transports pass as regularly and as safely between England, France, and the Mediterranean as do 'buses along Fleet Street; that the sinkings of miscellaneous merchant ships does not affect the *control* of the seas in the smallest least.

***

Likewise Tirpitz

Why did the Germans, whose very excuse for their submarine warfare was the brutal tyranny of the "mistress of the seas" in blockading not only Germany, but all the approaches thereto, deliberately claim a success where there was no success? Again the answer is "domestic reasons." As with the Crown Prince, so with Tirpitz. His reputation, and that also of the German Navy, is at stake. In order to save both from disgrace he has to use German journalism to "fake" his "triumph."

(Continued on page 76)

THE SAME THING—ONLY DIFFERENT

THE STRIKER: "W'y should I work if I don't want to? Wot difference would it make to me if the Germans was to rule over England?"

ONE SLIGHT DIFFERENCE THAT IT WOULD MAKE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

A Win—On Paper

When Germany is ready for peace—and the rumour is persistent that her financial situation is now desperate—some English people seem to be under the delusion that she will piteously throw up her hands, and exclaim "All is Lost." I am afraid she will do nothing of the kind, no matter to what straits the war reduces her. A German victory *on paper* is something that will be achieved though the heavens fall, for Kaiserism cannot afford to admit the loss of a war. The smallest prospect of losing it causes the All-Highest to think furiously. His bankers have warned him that war lasting through another winter means German bankruptcy; his own common sense tells him that it means military defeat also. That is a thing he cannot and will not face. He has determined, therefore, by the autumn, so I gather, either to (1) win the war in actual fact, or (2) to win the war on paper.

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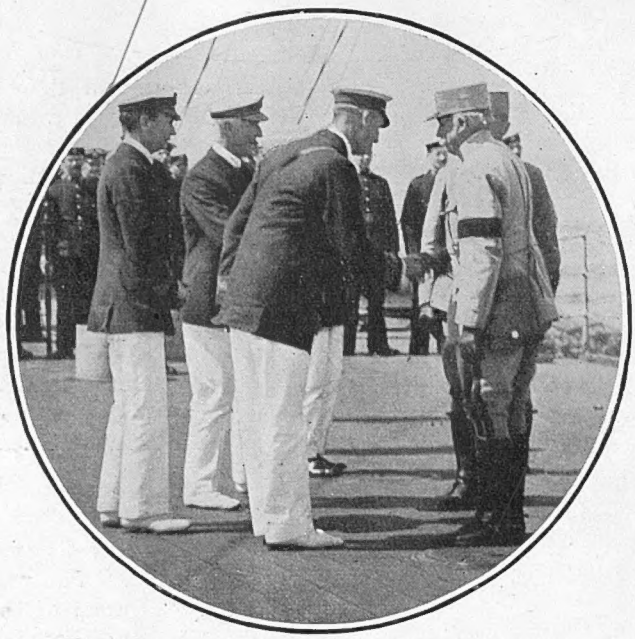
Absolutely Necessary

To win the war in actual fact it will be necessary to take Warsaw, and thus induce the Russians to make peace, and to hit the Franco-British so hard that they also will be forced to come to terms. Now we do not wager our War Loan stock on the safety of Warsaw, and if that city should fall, it seems pretty clear that the Germans could bring tremendous reinforcements of men and guns over to our side. If, however, this attack should be met, as we believe it will be, Germany would in actual fact have won against Russia, but not against Britain, France, and Italy, who would be ready and able to continue the war *à outrance*. Germany would, therefore, be compelled to 'fake" her victory over ourselves.

***

Something to Go Upon

At a given moment she will win some small success such as the Argonne advance, and will claim such a success as a "decisive victory" on the west front. What we believe is that she will then (if Russia remains an active belligerent) herself demand peace, and in order to make it easy for the French, at all events, to look into the matter, she will quite probably offer to evacuate the occupied areas, and even compensations. She will reserve the right to "talk to" Britain on the question of Belgium, navies, trade, and colonies.



A CASUALTY AND ITS SEQUEL IN THE DARDANELLES

Admiral de Robeck introducing Admiral Nicholson to the wounded General Gouraud on board H.M.S. Lord Nelson

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Our Counter-Move

It is undoubtedly in anticipation of such a situation as this that Kitchener undertook the Dardanelles expedition for one thing, and the conquest of the German colonies for another. By holding the Straits and fortifying them against all possible attack, we should possess the trump card in the peace game. Germany's gate to the golden east, like her gate to the south and the west, would be in our hands, and we should refuse to open it save on *our* terms.

***

A Paradox

The paradoxical result of the war would thus be that Germany had won, at terrible cost, a sort of victory on land, but that she had lost the war. The object for which she fought it—world-power—would be less attainable than it was before. Twelve months had merely served to convert a passive, pacific, good-natured "mistress of the seas" into an active, warlike, decidedly ill-natured and truculent lady, who had added to her sea-power land power also, who had organised her national resources, and become possessed of inexhaustible millions of her subjects' wealth.

THE C.-IN-C. IN GALLIPOLI

General Sir Ian Hamilton coming away from an inspection of the Royal Naval Division

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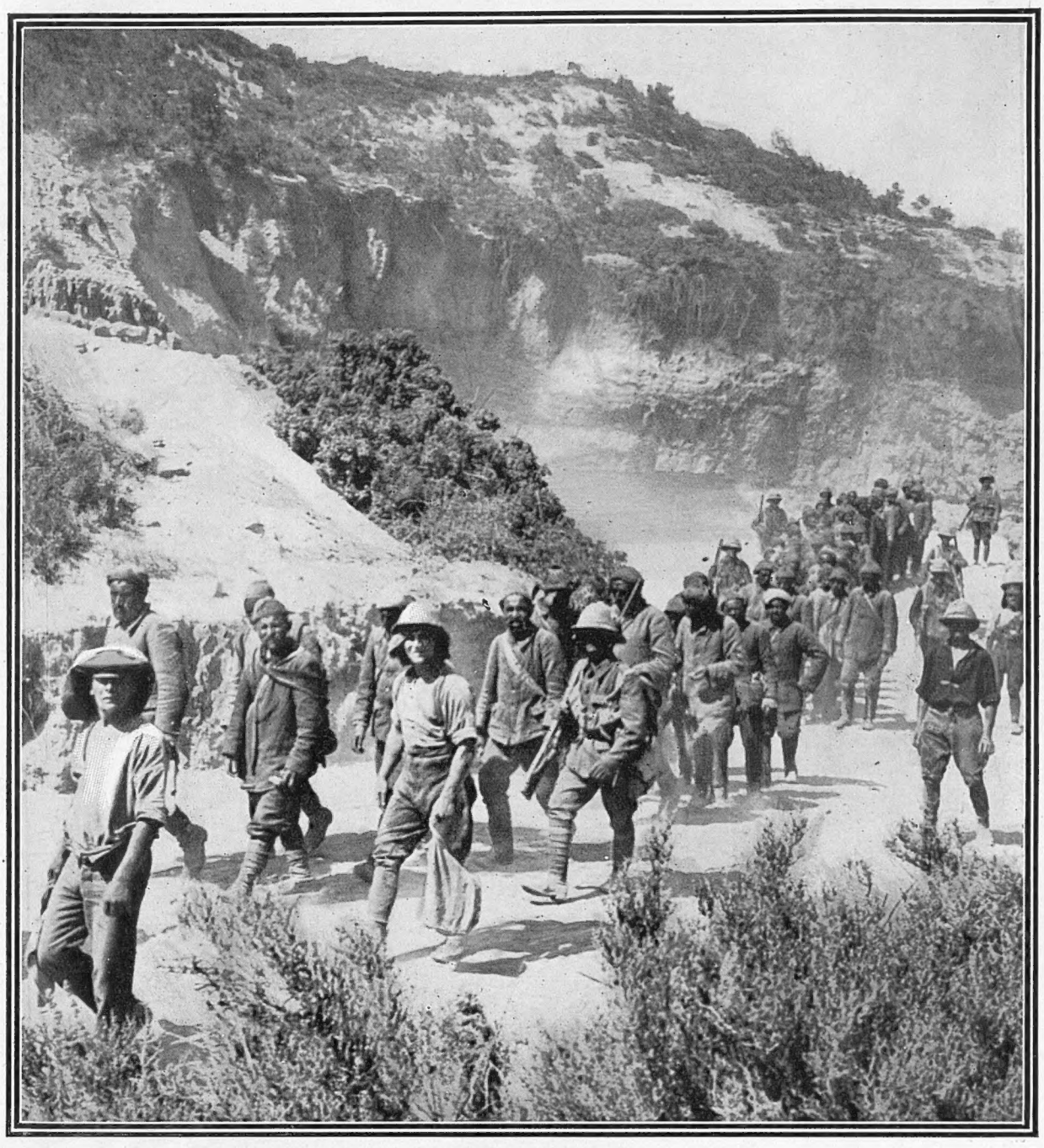
The Plain Truth—

If the result of the military operations be anything short of the complete defeat of the Western Allies—which will not happen—Germany has lost the war, and an offer of peace by her this autumn, no matter how she disguises the tone of her voice, will be, to all intents and purposes, a plea for peace, a confession that she has failed to bring off the *coup* which she planned against Europe and the world, and is, henceforth, only one member, and a very discredited one, of the society of nations. Instead of having welded all Europe under her banner, she has stimulated the national patriotism of every State, big and small,

Why Progress is Slow in Gallipoli



This scene in Gallipoli, showing in the foreground Turkish prisoners and their escort passing through a deep ravine, gives a good idea of the difficult country in which the Allies are operating

from Great Russia to the tiny Republic of San Marino, and caused each to take a solemn vow that no German shall ever rule over them. That means nothing else than that Prussian military domination will have been overthrown, as per the programme of the Allies. Discredited among the Germans themselves, it will probably never again rule, even in the Fatherland.

* *
*

How Germany Will Mask It

But let us not delude ourselves into thinking Germany will admit all this. Whatever peace terms are signed, Germany will claim to have "dictated" them. If she gets little out of the war, save the return of some of her colonies, some central African compensations, an interest in Asiatic railways, and, perhaps, some modification of the rules of war at sea, she will claim to have got these things by the might of her invincible sword, her irresistible shell, and her unescapable gas. Nothing we can say in our papers can prevent Germany from saying what she likes in hers.

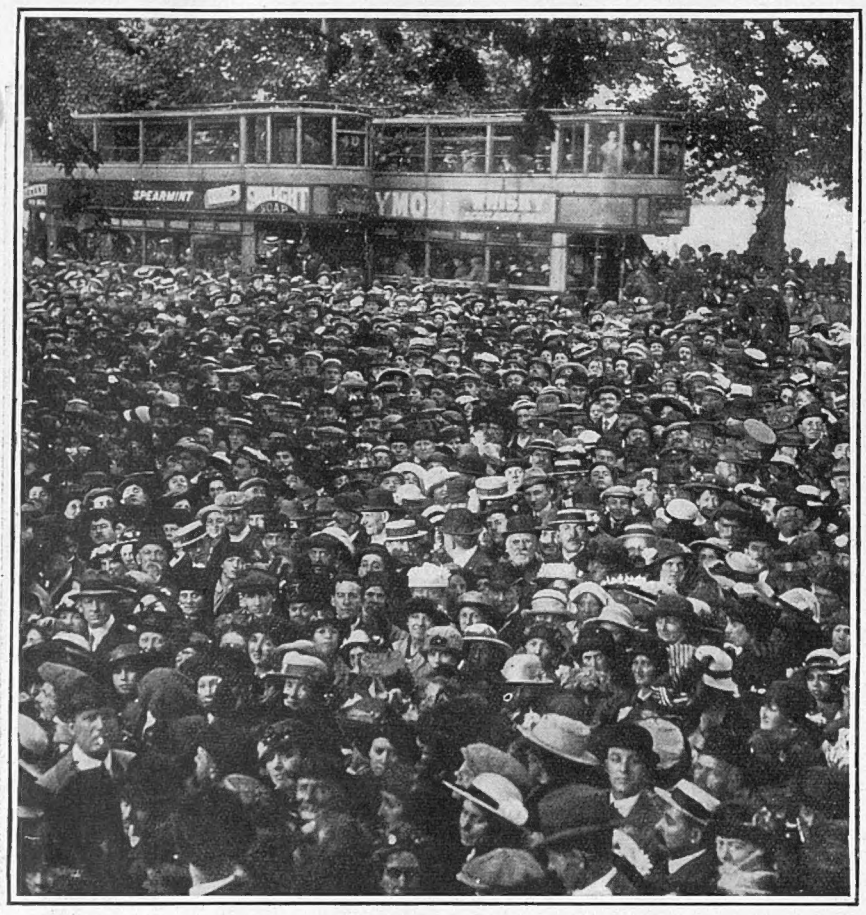
* *
*

"He Will"

When Whistler made an epigram, Wilde, with a sigh, said "I wish I had said that, Jimmy," to which the painter replied, "You will, Oscar." So it is with William. He wishes to be able to say he has won the war . . . . and he will say it.

(Continued on page 78)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 77)



LONDON IN WAR-TIME

Thousands of MEN—mostly able-bodied—flocked to the Embankment on Saturday to hear Mr. Lloyd George speak on the right of WOMEN to take part in war service

Wanted—A Muzzling Order

Before Parliament rises, will some M.P. bring in a short Bill which forbids speeches on the war by certain individuals? Among them would be certain Ministers. I am an admirer of Mr. Churchill for many of his acts, but I do not admire him at all as a speaker, and think it would be for the great good of Britain if important statements of high policy were entrusted to other lips than his. For instance, in reassuring Holland of our good intentions towards her, it would have been better had Mr. Churchill not used vituperative epithets against the Germans. The Dutch, he might have remembered, are neutrals, and though they might privately think the Germans to be all sorts of things, they could not be expected publicly to agree with the expressions of her enemies. In making an appeal to a neutral, it is best to use language not "langwidge."

***

The "Globe" Explains

The *Globe* attempts to explain its poster of last week, "ALLIED CRUISER SUNK," as follows:

Our sprightly contemporary, THE BYSTANDER, is good enough to include *The Globe* among the ranks of the newspaper pessimists because last Friday we issued a poster worded "Allied Cruiser Sunk." But the other Metropolitan newspapers chronicled the sinking of the *Amalfi* in similar fashion, as that event happened to be the principal news topic of the afternoon. THE BYSTANDER inferentially takes us to task because our placard did not mention that all the crew had been saved. But there are limits to the information that can be conveyed on a newspaper poster.

Why Not Be Original?

Well, well! But supposing the editor of the *Globe* avoided doing as all the other papers do, and did something quite on his own, so to speak? It often pays in journalism, really it does! As to the plea of space, does he mean to tell me there would not have been room on his poster for the words, "ITALIAN CRUISER SUNK. CREW SAVED"? That would have been the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but I suppose it wouldn't have been *depressing* enough.

***

Those Pernicious Posters

The question of news-posters is really one that ought to be dealt with by the authorities. Why should newspapers have it in their power, by the use of placards, to create any state of mind that they may happen to like, arousing false hopes of victory at two p.m. and false fears of disaster at four? It would be no bad thing if the news-placard were suspended altogether during the war.

Two important entertainments take place this week on behalf of war charities. The first is Mrs. Asquith's concert at 18, Grosvenor Square, at which M. Sacha Votitchenko, the famous Russian artist, will play 18th century Russian and French music on the tympanon. Tickets, one guinea and half a guinea, from Mrs. Asquith, at 10, Downing Street, and at the Waldorf Hotel.

The other, on Friday, the 23rd, is the matinée at His Majesty's of Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," the cast of which includes Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Ainley, Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Mr. Owen Nares. Among the programme sellers will be many of the best known women of society. The charity is the Allied Forces' Base Hospital.

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING NASTY?

Write to "The Bystander."

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

As it is now the patriotic duty of the Press to give the greatest publicity to anything that may appear to cast discredit on the British Government, Army, Navy, Civil Service, or to alarm the British public, we shall be glad if our readers will send us in all confidence any information they may have been able to steal or overhear, as to plots on the part of individual Cabinet Ministers, shortages of supplies in any departments of the services, mistakes by Generals, failures of recruiting campaigns, waste of public money, in fact any old thing that may enable THE BYSTANDER *to claim that it was the first paper to help the enemy and discourage our Allies by exposing weaknesses in the fighting power of Britain.*

We may or may not win the war, but we MUST *sell* THE BYSTANDER.

Our circulation is all right; but it might be better.

Send it along, marked "Private." Address: STINKING FISH, *c/o* THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis House, E.C.*

The Secret Enemy

LABOUR "LEADER": "Vot does de Var matter?!—Vy, you vould pe chust as vell off under the Chermans! plenty monny, plenty time for —— drink, Eh?"

(There are some "friends" of the working man whose pedigree should be thoroughly examined)

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE ON SOCIAL LIFE AT HOME

LONDON, *July* 19, 1915

DEAR COUSIN—

I HOPE it doesn't sound callous, because it isn't, but in a way, if you can forget for a moment all the blood and tears, there's really a very amusing side to this war as we wage it here in England. Just think, for example, of the pleasures and fussy joys that so many women get out of it who pretend — and I daresay believe, some of them—that they're inspired by a pure and unselfish patriotism.

* * *

Why, a single pearl from the priceless "rope" worn by one lovely lady, who was using all her blandishments to seduce shillings and sovereigns from the pockets of the admiring throng at a charity garden-party last week, would have pretty well run the good work for a month by itself—if it had occurred to her to part with it!

"Flocks of second-lieutenants with floppy service caps at the acutest angles"

* * *

But I suppose that really would be much too simple and primitive, and certainly not half so amusing. Even in your charities these days, if you want to be in the movement, you mustn't be boring. You must be bizarre, you must find some new and startling method of giving the world a lead in the way of patriotism. You've got to do something really inspiring, like haymaking on the lawn of your London house and keeping hens in the bedrooms, or milking cows on the mat—just to show what we women *can* do when put to it.

* * *

Some goats and a few cart horses scattered around and a plentiful supply of lilac sun-bonnets and a pink silk smock or two, if possible, help to drive home the lesson. And if you can get a few duchesses and countesses to turn the churn, and if, by chance, a photographer should be strolling down Carlton House Terrace at the time—well, surely that's a far, far better way of getting your good works thoroughly known than just going about it quietly and obscurely away in the country, where such things might hardly be noticed.

* * *

And for your charity matinées and things, you must, of course, have a lot of nice new programmes and a lot of nice new frocks for the ladies (also nice, if not all quite new) who sell them, even though it wouldn't make much of a hole in the pin-money of most of the people who get it up to contribute the whole amount of the takings off their own bat.

* * *

But, of course, that wouldn't do at all. You've got to get the advertisement—for the charity, I mean. And it gives all the rich women something to keep them out of mischief. And they do say getting up these shows and buying and selling all the etceteras for them "helps trade." On the other hand, I *have* been told that the proper thing would be to abolish all the luxury trades in war-time.

* * *

Of course, if you *are* going to buy dawn-pink *crêpe de Chine* "undies" anyway it *is*, perhaps, more amusing to buy them off a stall "for charity" from a Society beauty at a duchess's garden-party, and you don't grudge the bit extra on the price 'cos of the "cause." All the same, this last idea of getting up a fund to provide "undies" for Belgian ladies—perhaps that might have been done with just a little less limelight. Once more, a single and quite modest cheque from someone would have done the whole thing in two minutes—Belgian ladies are well known for their economical habits.

* * *

It's rather the same sort of thing with the socks and comforts for the troops which kind ladies are beginning to collect for the winter campaign, showing a foresight which is an example and a rebuke to the Government. You'd think the soldiers' socks and mufflers might come out of that three millions or more a day the war's costing us, wouldn't you? But we do so hate to discourage personal service here, don't we? And think of the millions of pleasant sewing and

knitting and chatting parties (with tea) that sort of brutal, Hunnish practicalness would put a stopper on.

* * *

Of course, some of us jolly well aren't bothering even to pretend that we're worried by any old war or that our little dissipations are even remotely "in aid of" something warlike or other. I motored through Maidenhead on Sunday and—well, well, well. . . .

* * *

You could hardly get across the famous bridge for the panting populace, which gaped, enraptured and entranced, at the flocks of Second Lieutenants with floppy service caps at the acutest angles, collars of palest yellow, and breeches like ballet skirts, who nursed the Pekinese of, and gave tea on the lawn at Murray's to, bevies of beautiful and varied ladies from the variety stage and elsewhere.

* * *

Such frocks and hats and pearls and powder and henna, and lipsalve, and silk stockings, and *suède* shoes, and gold bags on jewelled chains, and *such* an array of costly cars and pale cushions in last-words-in motor boats. . . . And the river from Cookham downwards crowded with leisurely looking punts and dinghys peacefully slacking along in the shade of the trees of Taplow Court and Cliveden, where the wounded soldiers are. Simply not a hint of war-time except the khaki—and that was quite astonishingly unwarlike.

"— and sustain the while a vastly polite, if at times rather laboured, conversation with their hostesses"

Personally, just now I think I prefer the parties where it's the mere plain soldier-men who've been doing the fighting that are the guests. They're very quiet and simple affairs, and there isn't any champagne or anything like that, those little spreads for the wounded in people's gardens or in the Park, where the guests, in their blue hospital jackets and red ties, munch so stolidly their bread and butter and plum cake, and sustain the while a vastly polite, if at times rather laboured conversation with their hostesses.

* * *

It's very silly and sentimental of me, I'm sure, but—well, it always makes me smile and brings a lump to my throat at the same time when I see our hurt men, very thin and bloodless-looking, some of them, chatting away to important dowagers quite naturally, with their hair brushed (or pulled) down over their foreheads and a half-smoked cigarette saucily cocked behind one ear. They're the real thing, somehow.

* * *

And so, my word, were the caterpillars that fell into my tea on Saturday—it's their season, I think—not to speak of the National Guard, which suddenly appeared in millions from nowhere, and did the most astonishing things all round us. They're all in uniform now, you know, with, of course, that horrid bit of red flannel round their arms to distinguish them from real soldiers that the W.O. makes them wear, and quite a dozen of them had rifles.

"The National Guard, which suddenly appeared in millions from nowhere, and did the most astonishing things all round us"

By the way, is it part of the new Army Code, I wonder, for officers to drive about in public almost embarrassingly obviously embracing the ladies they take out or are taken out by—it's the women at the wheel nearly always now. Of course, I know war-time's relaxed most of the service conventions. Still, there *are* limits even to war-time relaxations, and the Provost Marshal might do worse than turn his attention to some of the sights one sees in the cars that spin riverwards on Sunday along the Oxford Road.

(*Continued on page 82*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 81)

Nothing unwarlike about *them*. For the National Guard on Saturday afternoons in Kensington Gardens

Life is real,
Life is earnest,

I give you my word. And very few of them what you might call in the fiery vehemence of youth, or slim as Leander when he swam the Hellespont—one nice chubby officer's Sam Browne must have made a temporary famine in leather when he ordered it.

* * *

They all work so hard, indeed, that it really does seem a pity Lord Kitchener or someone can't give them something real to do—besides improving their own appetites (rather expensive in these war-times), also figures, and instilling the military spirit into numberless urchins, small girls, babies, and pet dogs, who enjoy and assist the proceedings with the keenest ardour and delight.

* * *

Still, even if they don't do much, they are in the spirit of the times, aren't they, and that's why they're popular and "*rather* dear things," as a pretty lady said as she watched them. As far as in them lies they're living, for a few hours at least, the strenuous, simple, striving life—the life that most of us feel is the only one that can be decently lived in war-time.

* * *

Perhaps it's not the right point of view, but I must say these times they rather nauseate me—luxury and foppishness and pampered, frightfully expensive women and tremendous meals, and even some of the costly, ostentatious functions which wear the mask of charity to justify their existence. And it simply won't bear thinking about how sick and sad these things must make all the hundreds and thousands who are grieving for the death or sufferings of some one very dear to them, some one who's endured all this for the sake of—such as they.

* * *

There's a Charity Show or two this week, but even that popular war-time form of entertainment's beginning to dwindle and the Court's leaving London and Parliament's closing down, so are most of the theatres. At the Ritz there are quite a lot of Americans—sure sign of the waning of the season. And you can actually dine there now for a *prix fixe*—a paltry seven-and-six, think of it! We *are* getting economical, aren't we?

* * *

But they haven't been exactly *hurrying* over that National Register, and at this rate I can see the war nearly over, can't you, before we're all safely gathered in? Amazing, really, the time men take to do things! A terrific handicap it must be—all this masculine deliberateness. Explains why George Meredith used to say "Woman will be the last thing civilised by man." Not because it's such an undertaking, but because the dear things are still pondering upon how, when and where to begin.

* * *

For the rest, people seem to be privily wondering—how about a holiday for a change? They say the grouse have positively got above themselves as the result of last year's let-off, and talking about shooting, has the whisper reached *you* yet about our new 21-inch guns? Hush—sh—sh—sh! We're simply frightfully bucked about them, for I'm told when they do come into action we shall fairly blow the hateful Huns to Heligoland—and further.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

THE ALLIES' WAR COUNCIL AT CALAIS

Just to annoy the Kaiser, Calais was selected by the Allied Governments as the place for holding the great conference on July 6 of Ministers of Great Britain and France with the Commanders-in-Chief of both Armies. Our illustration shows in the foreground from left to right: M. Delcassé, M. Viviani, Lord Crewe, and Lord Kitchener. Behind are M. Millérand, and General Joffre

Devoted to War-Work

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

MISS EILEEN MEAKIN

A new portrait of the charming daughter of Countess Sondes, who has devoted a great deal of time to collecting comforts for the troops and is helping her mother in various War charities

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Shall We Amuse?

AND, IF SO, HOW?

IT is the fashion to criticise; it is almost *de rigueur* to make suggestions -- and everybody likes to do the right thing. So, having nothing new to say about Haldane or shells, and not presuming to suggest as to how the war shall be won without a winter campaign, these criticisms and suggestions will be confined to frivolities, which, after all, are just as important as they ever were, perhaps more so.

* * *

The other night, during a most admirable programme at the Victoria Palace, it so happened that the orchestra (in what music-hall managers like to call an "intermission") played a selection from "The Gondoliers." Nothing remarkable about that! What was remarkable was the manner in which all one's neighbours sang little snatches of the tunes. One person knew one, another another, some even all. But everybody knew something, and the obvious delight with which they all followed the music—actively, not merely passively—not to speak of the applause into which they translated it at the end, told a very significant tale.

* * *

We have, as a matter of fact, in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas generally a real national heritage. We do not pose or rave about them; we just really like them. And, what is more, we *all* like them, gentle and common, musician and layman. Now we are not particularly well-off as regards national heritages, especially in the matter of music and the stage. Why on earth, then, do we not make some use of this one, particularly at a time when our national self-consciousness is exceptionally keen? The more so, especially, because the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas would supply a real need. Contemporary music-halldom is alive and vigorous enough, as successful as it truly deserves to be. But contemporary theatredom is in a very shoddy state, and though one or two plays may make a lot of money, no one could describe the ordinary modern English theatre as a flourishing institution.

THE KAISER'S EMISSARY

"Who the dickens are *you*, may I ask?"
"Oh—I'm Pessimism—come to make you downhearted!"

* * *

This is a pity because, as a matter of fact, the theatre (and, of course, genuine comic opera is included in the term) has rather a different appeal, and serves rather a different purpose from the music-hall. It requires more concentration of attention, more unity of thought. That is why a dull theatre is so far more deadly than a dull music-hall. Never, not even in church on a hot Sunday afternoon, can one be so somnolent as in some theatres that shall be for ever nameless. The result is, we are deprived of the greater portion of one half of our principal amusement—which is a shame, and a stupid shame at that.

* * *

For the question of amusement is not an unimportant one by any means. The Roman Emperors recognised that when they relied on the attractions of the Circus to keep the people occupied, to divert public interest from politics to the arena. And the English public, too, at the present time, stands in great need of being occupied by something else than the war, or, rather, by excitable newspaper guesses about the war. After all, with the best will in the world not the whole, or even half, of the London that goes to theatres, can volunteer for the front. And those who work hard all day either at their own or Government business need recreation and amusement as much as, if not more than, ever.

* * *

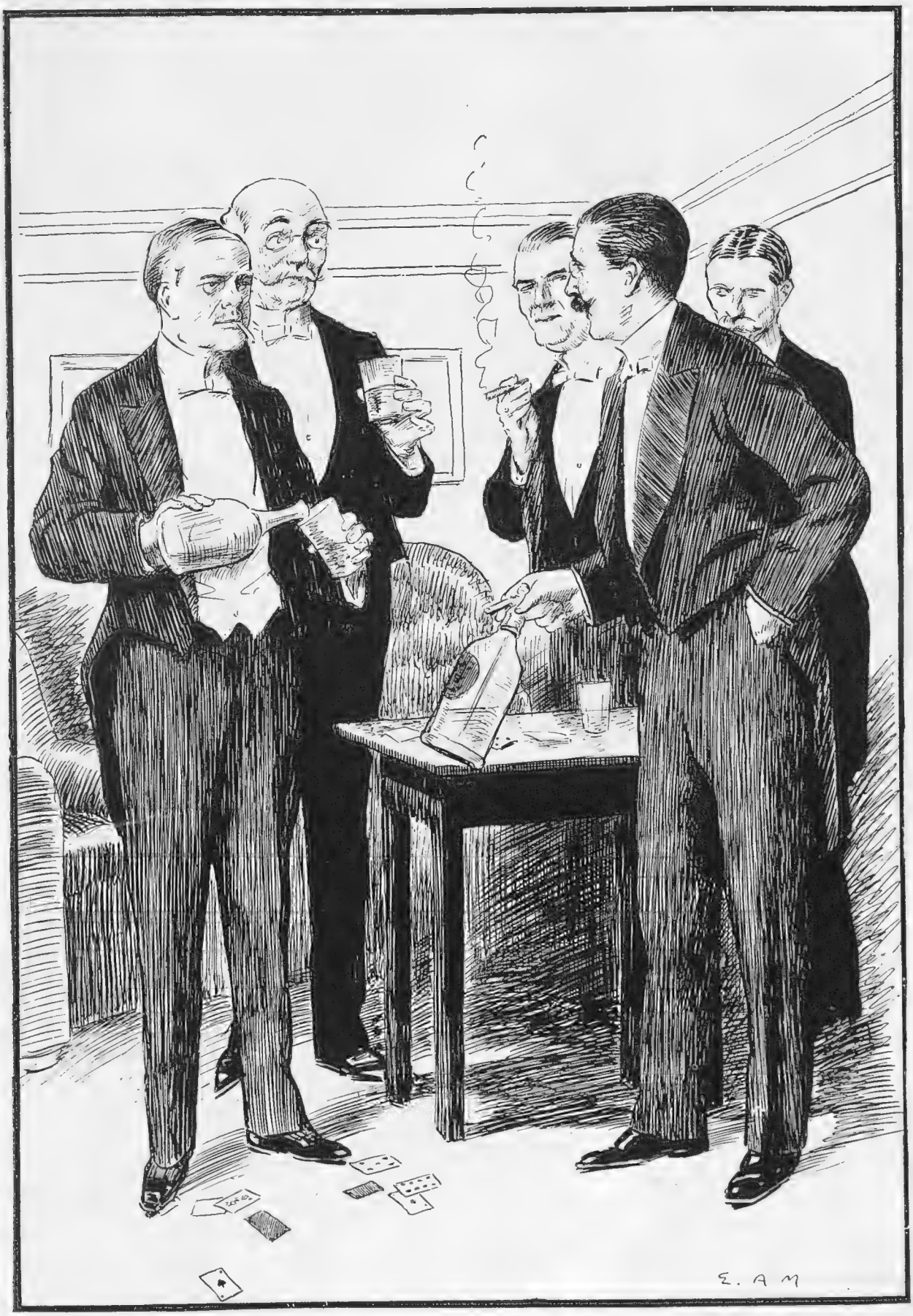
The ordinary person, military and civil alike, is just beginning to realise that he or she does, as a matter of fact, know nothing about the war. The crumbs of knowledge cast from the Censor's table excite rather than satisfy the appetite. A hysterical and, in some cases, unscrupulous Press does everything possible to ruin the digestion. The best thing to do is to work at one's "bit," whatever it may be, as hard as ever one can and in the meantime to think as little as possible about other people's "bits." Our most dangerous enemy at the present moment is hysteria, and a proper dose of amusement is the best known antidote to that insidious, most deadly poison.

* * *

So let some enterprising manager like Mr. Courtneidge give us a revival, a first-class revival with really good singer-actors and proper stage-management, of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. There may be difficulties, but surely they can be overcome. In any case I feel confident that the man who does overcome them will not only perform a real service to the community, but make a great deal of money.

F. T.

Speeding the Parting Guest



THOUGHTFUL HOST: "In case any of you married fellows would like a respirator to go home in, I told Pogson to leave some on the hall table"

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WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (*continued from page* 89)

a problem. Greedy of combats as our Ally is known to be, she might as well have secured a return for her expenditure, something tangible to show for her efforts during the past year, and surely the railways of the Danzig-Konigsberg region might have served her as the Belgian lines have served Germany. At the present moment the Grand Duke's main army appears to be concentrated between the Vistula and the Bug, while detachments cover his far-flung flanks, northwards beyond the Niemen and southward along the Dniester. From Libau to Chotin *via* Warsaw and Lublin is at least 700 miles, and, of course, the enemy's plan is to drive both flanks in towards the marshes of Pinsk, east of Warsaw.

* * * * *

The national armies of Italy, Serbia, and Montenegro, on the frontiers of Austria-Hungary, are most welcome accessions to the moral and physical strength of the *Entente* Powers, but unless their strokes are well-timed they can have little effect on the main operations. It was unfortunate that Italy could not have come to the aid of Russia when the latter was within hail of Cracow at the moment of Austria's discomfiture last November.

And now is the time for Bulgaria to act in conjunction with Roumania against the German-led Army of Turks, for we may fairly assume that the recent dispatch of Anglo-French forces to the Mediterranean was prompted, not by a desire to revisit Gallipoli and revive Crimean memories, but with the object of co-operating with the Balkan peoples for the ejection of their ancient foe and oppressor. As earnest of our intentions we have suffered 40,000 men to be placed *hors de combat*, and in consequence our reinforcements intended for Sir John French have been sent to Sir Ian Hamilton. As events have turned out the Germans were well advised in making terms with Enver Pasha last autumn, for thus they have detained Russia's Caucasian corps before Erzeroum and have lured the British from their stronghold behind the Syrian desert. After two months' fighting the Krithia position presents much the same conundrum to Sir Ian Hamilton as does Souchez to General Joffre, who now has to find another leader for the Dardanelles contingent, since General Gouraud has followed General d'Amade to Paris as a casualty.

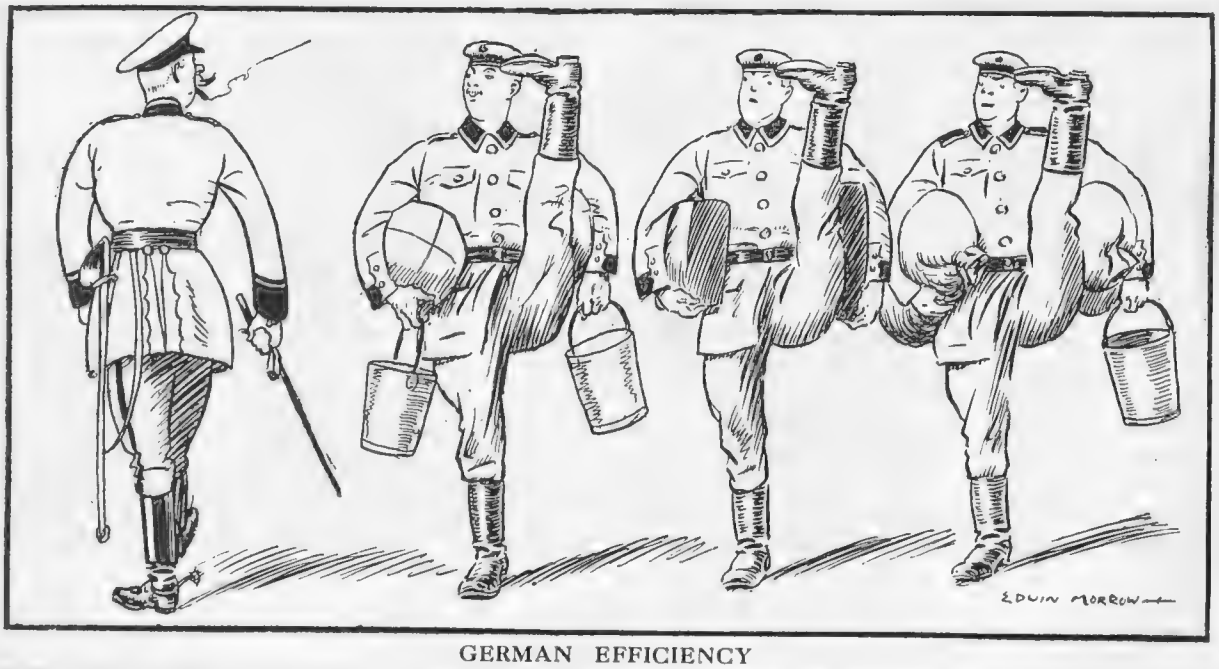
* * * * *

The undivided honour of the first real British success has fallen to Louis Botha, the only "honorary" General in our army, who in a brilliant campaign of nine months has cleared of the enemy a territory nearly three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland. North of the Orange River and west of the Kalahari Desert the citizen forces of the Union have fought their way from the coast to a plateau 3,000 feet above sea level, undeterred by German mines or aircraft or poisoned wells. The story of this new Odyssey has been adumbrated in occasional letters which speak of "the heart-numbing ocean of soft, white sand-billows," where not a living thing—plant, animal, or insect—is to be seen, and where a fearsome mirage will obliterate a regiment in shimmering lake or reedy lagoon.

* * * * *

Lesser successes, however, must not be allowed to distract our thoughts from the seat of all disturbances, the head and front of the conspiracy against peace, the prime mover in a war of aggression—Germany. We have torn from her already her possessions in the Pacific, her Asiatic colony and sphere of interest at Kiao Chao, and Togoland, and South-West Africa. We have wiped her off the list of maritime nations, and have deprived her, as a manufacturing country, of her best customers—Russia, the United States, the United Kingdom, India, South Africa, Australia, Egypt, France, Belgium, Italy, and Japan. In short, the British bulldog has got his teeth well into our unamiable foe, and what we have to do is to hang on, year after year, till Kaiserdom is bled white; but this we shall never compass if the flower of our youth is sacrificed in sallies against impregnable positions to the plaudits of unthinking patriots and of others who espouse the doctrines of Leibnitz as a short cut to the loaves and fishes.

Another Article by Major REDWAY next week



GERMAN EFFICIENCY

The Sand Castle

HOW LONG WILL IT HOLD OUT?

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (concluded from page 90)

The Naval Situation To-day. BY FRED T. JANE

At first sight it might appear that the naval situation to-day differs very little from what it was at the outbreak of war, nearly a year ago. This, however, is only a superficial aspect of affairs. It is true that all the battle fleets remain much as they were: as fighting forces they are intact. Indeed, the battle fleet of every Power engaged is now actually stronger than at the beginning of the war, owing to the entry into service of ships which a year ago were in the completing stage; but the "mark time" continues.

Naval warfare, however, is a far more complicated affair than fighting between big ships: for that matter fighting between any sort or kind of ship.

All fighting is merely an incident—a means to an end. It is the *result* which has or has not been achieved which alone is of high importance. For example, it was gratifying to learn that the *Emden* was sunk, but of itself this was no great matter. An *Emden* made practically no difference to the German Navy.

The *result* of the sinking of the *Emden* and her consorts was quite another matter, however. For it means that to-day the high seas are clear of hostile warships, British commerce free to come and go as it lists in distant waters.

* * * * *

Nearer home the situation is not so pleasing. We destroyed the raiding cruisers, because our naval force was such that all the enemy overseas bases fell into the hands of the Allies, and all supply ships were captured. This absolute command of the high seas took rather longer to secure than the public had expected; but actually it was accomplished in just about the time that anyone who had studied the matter had expected. Here, incidentally, it may be remarked that the Germans probably did not anticipate doing much more material damage than they did do, and further fully expected to lose their ships. Their failure was in not securing the moral effect to which they had trusted.

In home waters they have had a similar failure to produce all the intended moral effect with their submarine blockade. But they have achieved some results morally, and materially they are producing a certain amount of effect. As a financial project the blockade does not, perhaps, pay, but it is hardly safe to count it valueless on that account. As for such moral effects as have been produced, well, to have provoked a wordy retort from Winston Churchill, a Press outburst about piracy over massacres which it may be attempted to justify by the *letter* of International Law, is some considerable gain. It is not merely the unpleasant surprise which awaits us when later on our public realises that wholesale murder may be claimed to be technically legal: it is the immediate effect on neutrals, the skilful manipulation whereby the moral victims are turned into the "legal" aggressors.

* * * * *

There is danger—perhaps grave danger—in the German submarine blockade. The danger does not lie so much with the submarines as with the insidious moral effect which has been so carefully calculated on.

The first blow failed: it was delivered too soon. The *Lusitania* was not submarined casually; her destruction was planned as a culminating effort. The anticipated panic did not come. As a result there will be no more *Lusitania* massacres for a while.

* * * * *

The present comparative lull may be put down to a shortage of submarines (we may piously hope that many are now serving under Davy Jones); but it certainly does not mean an abandonment of the general policy. Rather we must be prepared for a sudden outburst of submarine "frightfulness," beside which the *Lusitania* business may be quite a mild affair.

This is a pessimistic view—undoubtedly. Equally undoubted, however, is the fact that "forewarned is forearmed." If we are ready for the worst, if the British Navy cannot be lulled into thinking that the worst is over, then the second culminating effort may not only be a failure such as the first was, but also a fiasco, such as the first unfortunately was not.

The only other really salient item of the naval situation to-day is the matter of the Dardanelles. We undertook as a purely naval operation what by all recognised rules should certainly have been a combined naval and military one. To-day, the prophets who then shouted to the Fleet "Go on to Constantinople and prosper," and made them horns of brass and what not, are screaming for the blood of whoever was responsible for the first attempt at going up, and so gave the Turks time to prepare a very stout defence.

* * * * *

I am not at all sure that this may not be adding folly to folly. The purely naval attack was so obviously doomed to failure that there must have been some pressing need behind it—probably some idea of diverting the Turkish advance on Egypt, which was certainly more serious than had been anticipated. The Turks may have bluffed us, or we may have bluffed the Turks; but whichever way it be, to criticise in the absence of the full facts is folly pure and simple. In the end it will probably be discovered that we had to make a choice of evils. Gossip, too, is busy with a Greek Army expected to co-operate, but which failed to materialise. But the official idea of the situation appears to be "We have got to make good." And there the British public must leave it.

For the rest, the naval situation is hopeful enough. Short of a miracle there is little chance of German helmets reaching England (except as war relics).

* * * * *

The British Navy has its job well in hand. Under the good Providence of God it has been able to keep its light under a bushel, doing things and keeping watch and ward in silence, what time the public has contented itself with "Ten yards advance in the trenches" or some such meagre fare, or the occasional confidences of "Eye-Witness."

It is essential that a Navy shall work in silence, its comings and goings unknown until they are more or less ancient history.

The Army does not need the same degree of reticence. With it in a general way yesterday is yesterday, and no harm done to to-day. With the Navy yesterday is often yesterday fortnight, and even so it may not be safe to say too much. Silence is golden.

Another article by Mr. JANE next week.

Getting Their Own Back—New Style

An intelligent anticipation by our French artist, L. Meger, of the unforeseen result achieved by the coming new long-range Krupp howitzer at Calais

The Arts in War-Time

TOPICAL PORTRAITURE AND OLD CHINESE ARTS

THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.
From the recent portrait by Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A., R.S.A., now being exhibited in the Guildhall Gallery

PEOPLE who try to get some perspective into their views of the awfulness of the present war are not popular just now. Anatole France found out these little matters early in the affair, and all artists and writers who cannot be in the fighting line are more or less depressed by their disabilities. But if I may venture to judge the matter logically, I should say such an attitude of mind is without good reason. The artists, some of whom are fortunately fighters too, will continue their work, not under very good conditions, it is true, but still guided by hope. The thirty years' war in which Philip IV. of Spain played so stupid a part did not prevent him from being an artist at heart and soul. During the most saddening years for Spanish arms and national life, Diego Velazquez, to say nothing of a dozen other artists of his country, painted the wonderful pictures that have outlived a thousand wars.

If historical precedent were of the slightest value to us in consideration of the present outbreak of utter barbarism, there is more than enough for our use. Marlborough's wars synchronise with a period of great art; even the shattering events of the Napoleonic age could not do more than slightly hinder the progress of painting. Old masters may perish in some of the more terrible manifestations of inhumanity, but Art herself lives on, young and free.

London has been bold enough to follow her usual course in matters of exhibitions. And such a collection of war pictures as that brought together by Mr. Temple, the art director of the Guildhall Gallery, and Monsieur Albert Dalimier, and Monsieur Lambotte, and Monsieur Armand Dayot and an important committee epitomises within some two hundred and fifty works the vitality with which art is enabled to endow the, historically speaking, evanescent horrors of war.

Naval and Military Pictures

The most interesting of these are certainly the portraits of men who have greatly influenced the battles of the past and present. From Nelson and Wellington to the King of the Belgians the long list of splendid commanders and rulers is displayed.

Among our own more recent people of importance the best paintings are those of Mr. Winston Churchill by Mr. Lavery, the excellent Sir David Beatty exhibited by Mr. Hugh G. Riviere in the Royal Academy of 1907, and among the French the remarkable General Joffre lent by the artist, M. Henri Jacquier. As for the pictures of old battles and new they have their especial world of admirers, whose interest is not so much in the art of the painter as in his historic or dramatic statement of an event.

Some such pieces are brilliant in movement and force, such as "The Charge," by M. Jouve, showing some African warriors of to-day riding at full speed, or the sad drama of the end of Marshal Ney. In this last picture Gérôme is seen in his more decorative and sincerest mood. The composition, with the executed Marshall lying in the foreground, while those who had once been his companions-in-arms are seen turning from the awful scene, makes the most impressive,

(Continued on page 96)

The Victor of the Last Sea Fight

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY, K.C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O.

The hero of the last engagement between the British and German Fleets on the Dogger Bank in January last—possibly the last in the present war. From a portrait lent to the Guildhall Gallery by Lady Beatty and painted by Mr. Hugh G. Riviere. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1907

THE ARTS IN WAR-TIME (concluded from page 94)

artistic, and human effect to be seen in these galleries. The catalogue suggests that the present exhibition is intended to recall the mind of the public to the heroic deeds of soldiers and sailors in the past and in the war which is now engaging the forces of Europe. If anything were needed to add to the grim courage and

THE FAMOUS WAR-GOD, KUAN-TI, ENTHRONED

The figure is in yellow and reddish steatite of 18th century workmanship

Lent to the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition by H. Clifford Smith, Esq.

determination of the nation such a collection of pictures might well do so. At least the difference between old wars and the awful tragedy of to-day is set forth with admirable skill.

Antique Chinese Arts

If the Burlington Fine Arts Club, of Savile Row, had set out to prove the permanence of beauty and craftsmanship in a period of utter destruction its committee could not have chosen a more effective method of demonstration. Although the vast countries which we call China have been harassed by a million wars, examples of the arts and crafts have survived in wonderful numbers. This is, of course, largely owing to the fact that ages before we were, every object of Chinese religious use was a thing of beauty—although not always from the Western point of view. The porcelains, lacquers, and carvings, in ivories and many hard woods and stones, have been admired in England certainly since Stuart days, but only during the last twenty years or so have the very early arts of the Chinese become an almost fashionable affair with French, American, and English collectors. Just how fully advantage has been taken of the chances of acquisition by our connoisseurs may be gauged by the present exhibition. The earliest examples in bronze and jade and some of the rarest are to be found here. The drum of bronze shown on a stand in the corner of a gallery belongs to far-off centuries, and has survived more than fifteen hundred years without any very material alteration. It is but one of a hundred objects lent by members of the Burlington and their friends, which recall the fact that things, and often things of beauty, are of more importance to posterity than the most remarkable actions of men. With the exceptions of porcelains and pottery all the arts and crafts of many cycles of Cathay are represented at Savile Row—jewels and dresses, paintings and all sorts of glass and metals. Her Majesty the Queen sends an agreeable example of later jade work, a square tray with mounts of filigree gold and lining of Imperial yellow silk brocade. Such well-known collectors as Mr. Ellice-Clark, Sir Arthur Church, Mr. George Eumorfopoulos, Mr. Clifford Smith of South Kensington Museum, and many others have sent their rarest and most beautiful examples. There are some extremely lively early works in bronze, and there is a recumbent horse of green jade with brown markings, instinct with the arch vitality characteristic of the best work of the T'ang dynasty, this is lent by Mr. F. N. Schiller. The fine Buddhist Lion in carved wood, lent by Mr. Dyne, is of the same interesting period. Of the Yüan dynasty there is a splendid example of jade horse lent by Lord Allendale. Thus the exhibition tells in epitome most of the history of the Chinese arts and crafts which have so long outlived the men who created them—examples reaching back in some cases to the earliest dynasties B.C. or, perhaps, to that mythic 500,000 years which the historians consider the beginnings of things Chinese. EGAN MEW

A CORNER OF THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB EXHIBITION

Showing a war-drum of bronze that has outlasted the ages. The type is supposed to have originated in the Shan States between China and Burma, and is called after a once famous Chinese general, Chu-Ko Liang (A.D. 181 to 234)

Lent by E. B. Ellice-Clark, Esq.

A Seaside Ghost—

—THE LAST OF HIS RACE

Books of the Week

FICTION—ENGLISH AND RUSSIAN

If Wells Had Had His Way

IF Mr. H. G. Wells had had his own way he would never have written serious sociological works or argued in seriously minded reviews that novels ought to be serious treatises on all the serious phenomena of life. He would never have sent serious letters of great length to the *Times*, or endeavoured to estimate, in the most serious manner, the probable position of humanity a hundred years hence. No, he would have done none of these things. He would have sat down at his desk to write the most light-hearted frolicking prose about odd or amusing people; he would have poked fun all round; and he would have illustrated—most disgracefully—every one of his own books.

"Bealby"

You can see the truth of all this if you read his *Bealby* (Methuen: 6*s*.). Here there are no important social questions, none of the later Wellsian neo-politics, no great hinterland of high thinking — but a rollicking, delightfully pugilistic, merry-go-roundish sort of affair — a holiday, as he rightly calls it — about a small boy, a Lord Chancellor with Seal, an Army Captain in (comparative) peace time, a tramp of the baser kind, a butler, and a caravan that runs amok. Bealby is the small boy, and his first week at Shouts, where he is employed in the most menial capacity, is not wholly successful. In fact, after he has indirectly caused a hand-to-hand fight between the butler and the Lord Chancellor, he naturally leaves Shouts without giving the notice that our domestic laws do, or should, require.

MISS WINIFRED GRAHAM

Whose new book "The Imperial Malefactor" (Werner Laurie Ltd., 6s.), has just been published. It introduces the domestic life of the Kaiser into fiction, and bids fair to be one of the most sought after of this daring writer's novels

His Adventures

And then the most extraordinary, almost Chestertonian, adventures befall him. He meets beautiful ladies in a caravan. He narrowly escapes being a burglar. He gets "wanted" by the police. He is captured by the Army Captain. He is taken to the Lord Chancellor. He lives, in fact, in a sort of glorified Penny Dreadful for a week, but it is a Penny Dreadful which only Mr. Wells, or Mr. Chesterton, could have devised. There is splendid fun on every page, and *Bealby* is exactly the sort of book which you want to read to-day. In fact, there is not the least reason why Mr. Wells should not continue to give us accounts of various other weeks in Bealby's career.

A Disappointment

It is a great pity that Mr. H. Maxwell has chosen to leave the paths of farce and fantasy for those of old-fashioned melodrama. *Honour in Pawn* (Long: 6*s*.) is a sad sequel to such delightful books as *The Paramount Shop* and *The Beloved Premier*. There are nearly all the old stage favourites — even the Italian with knife—and they all do the same old tricks. Mrs. Fortesque's method of selling old furniture reminds one slightly of the Mr. Maxwell of the other novels, but apart from that the new book has very little to recommend it.

More Russian Stories

There comes more and more fiction from Russia, and it is good that we should have it in an English dress. Mr. Heinemann continues his complete Dostoevsky, and in *The Steppe* (6*s*.) issues a representative collection of Tchekov's short stories. Mr. Fisher Unwin reissues a translation of Gogol's most famous tale, *Dead Souls* (6*s*.), to which Stephen Graham contributes a preface. And there is a whole library of Great Russian Fiction issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton at a very moderate price. Of the published volumes of this series, the most interesting is Leonid Andreyer's *The Little Angel* (Hodder and Stoughton: 2*s*. 6*d*. net). As a teller of short stories the Russian is hard to beat. Andreyev's work almost invariably contains that element of unexpectedness which, according to some critics, means so much to the short story. In *The Little Angel* itself the end leaves you entirely surprised, but ready to admire the author for the things he has not said. He takes the most various people, and paints a little picture about them, and if the picture is generally sad, you do not complain. Occasionally, however, Andreyev shows a Western humour. In *An Original* he has the extremely funny story of the commonplace Civil Servant who, in order to obtain notoriety, feigns a deep interest in—negresses. The book should be widely read.

Artzibashef

There is also another volume of Artzibashef. *The Millionaire* (Secker: 6*s*.) contains three stories, of which the second, "Ivan Lande," was, according to an autobiographical introduction, responsible for the author's success as a writer. It is a most moving story, typically Russian. Lande is a man who attempts to live as a true Christian in the literal sense. The theme has often been used before, never, perhaps, with the same poignancy—and the final scene is rather terrible. "The Millionaire" itself is less successful, but gives a good picture of one side of modern Russian life. And, as in *Sanine*, there is a certain quality in Artzibashef's writing which commands the greatest respect.

R. S.

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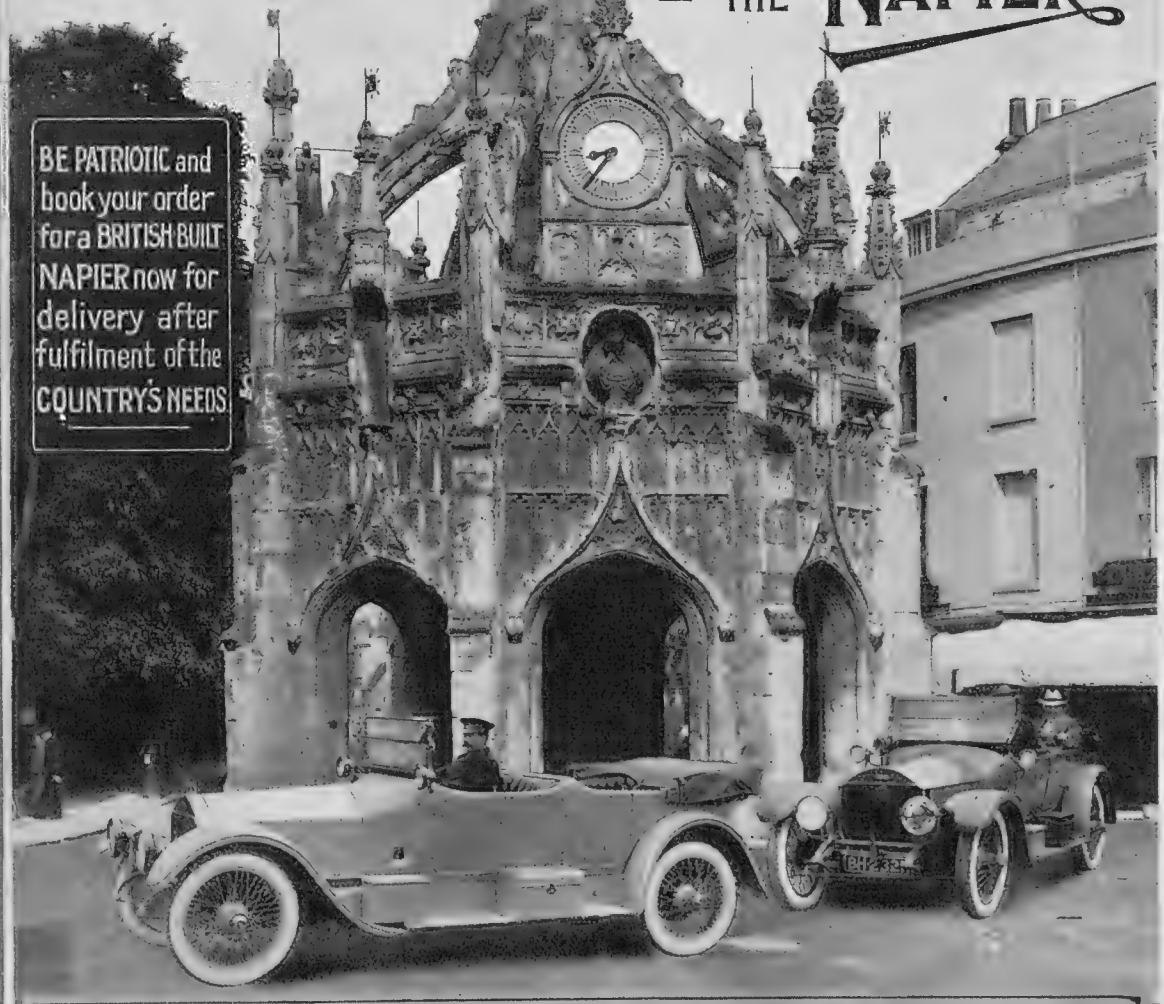

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

Playlets at the Coliseum

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

I WAS told the other day of a French gentleman who had come from Paris to London for a holiday, and who was taken to the Coliseum. After looking round at the packed house, and noting the enthusiasm of the audience at the excellent fare provided, he ventured to suggest that it might be a good thing if someone would just mention

THE "PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE RUSSE"

casually to the British public—in case they might not have heard of it—that they were committed to a war which threatened the very existence of the British Empire. On the night of our visit to the Coliseum (I say "our" because Mr. Morrow insisted on accompanying me, although I tried every device I could think of to dodge him) anyone might have guessed that wars had ceased for ever, and that the millennium had come to hand at last. The programme was packed full of good things, and it was, apparently, opposed to all the canons of good taste for any of the performers to refer to the vulgar and disorderly behaviour that is now going on in various parts of Europe. Besides, a good many people have a conscientious objection to war, and it is not to be expected, I suppose, that they should be asked to do anything to countenance such a lamentable state of affairs as unfortunately exists for the moment.

One of the happiest turns that evening was supplied by Mr. Charles Hawtrey. It was quite a brilliant little effort of spontaneous generation, or the art of making something out of nothing. Relying upon his delightful reputation for ingenious mendacity, Mr. Hawtrey now sets up as a purveyor of clear unadulterated truth. And he is pained to find that no one believes him. In the sketch in question he is called Sam, simply, though, of course, he is not so simple as all that. There has been a little difference between him and his wife, Lady Sam (the old trouble—another woman), but all is to be forgotten and forgiven now. Lady Sam is coming back home to take Sam to her heart, as he shows signs of being truly penitent. Before Lady Sam's arrival, however, one or two things happen. Sam's *chef* has just got married, and his trouble is that his young and lovely wife is given to walking in her sleep. Sam does not attach very great importance to his *chef's* complaint. He merely suggests that someone should fetch a doctor for the poor chap, and Dr. Jones is summoned accordingly. It was not Sam's fault that Dr. Jones turned out to be a lady physician, yet when Lady Sam arrives and finds the two together she becomes quite emotional. (They always blame it on to us poor men.) And just as Sam has cleared himself of any possible suspicion of irregularity, Lady Sam pulls back the curtains of the old four-poster bed in the corner and finds the *chef's* lovely young wife between the sheets, whither she had wandered in her sleep. Mr. Hawtrey succeeds in performing the miracle of making this rather feeble stuff quite convincing to the audience.

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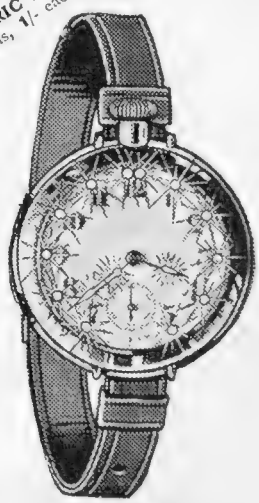

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WHERE THE WAR IS FORGOTTEN

A MAN OF "BUSINESS"

Then there were the Irish Players in *The Rising of the Moon*, a comedy by Lady Gregory, which is not quite so dismal as Irish plays usually are. Before the curtain rose an explanation of what the play is about was thrown upon an illuminated screen. This may have been a compliment to the gifted authoress or it may not. As a great genius has pregnantly remarked, it's all according. The idea is that a Sergeant of Police in an Irish seaport town is on the watch at the quayside to see that a Fenian, just escaped from jail, does not get out of the country. Presently the Fenian, disguised as a ballad-singer, strolls along and chaffs the police sergeant in the proper Irish way; and as the acquaintance ripens between the two, the Fenian begins to sing some of the forbidden songs of fifty years ago. The sergeant at first protests, but after a while he admits that there was a time when he, too, had delight in songs of the kind, and we gather that in his day he also had toyed with Fenian aspirations. For the sake of old times he, therefore, helps his companion to escape, although there is a very acceptable reward of one hundred pounds on the Fenian's head. The little comedy is quite admirably acted by Mr. Arthur Sinclair as the policeman and Mr. J. M. Kerrigan as the "wanted" man.

Miss Lydia Kyasht received the most cordial of welcomes, not only for herself alone, but perhaps also because she is known to be the wife of a Russian officer who has proved himself an expert at the modern industry of killing Germans. Miss Kyasht presented a ballet-scene, and showed that during her absence from London she has lost none of her wondrous power to charm. Another popular feature was supplied by the lively Mlle. Polaire, who appeared first of all as the victim of unrequitted affection, and who afterwards succeeded in hooking in the man of her choice very successfully. And, of course, we were all very pleased because no man likes to feel that a dear girl is positively languishing for the want of an encouraging word, or a little gentle pressure on the waist-line. One always feels at such times that if there is anything one could do to help—but I am afraid I am wandering. Mlle. Polaire danced and sang with her usual energy, turning in a flash from vigorous grief to robust gaiety, and her reception was of the most cordial character.

POLAIRE AND THE "AMOROUS MANNEQUIN"

Another interesting item was a one-act musical comedy chiefly constructed, I judge, to enable Mr. Ralph Lynn to show his versatility as a comedian. Mr. Lynn, who is activity personified, let slip no opportunity for introducing laughable "business" into the turn; and he was assisted in his efforts by Miss Gladys Miles, who, in addition to being an engaging actress, has all the natural qualifications of a very pretty girl. The programme of the entertainment at the Coliseum was marked by distinction from first to last, and the popularity of this house is evidently such that it would take more than a mere European war to keep its patrons away from it.

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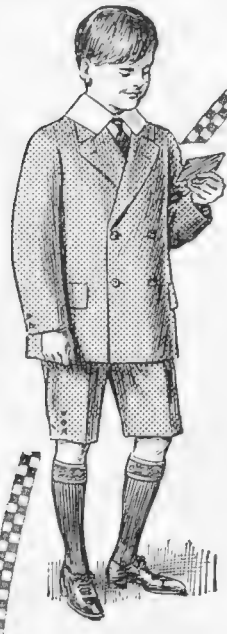

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On The Stroke of Three

By Guy Lysle

THE Vicar's daughter played the "Dead March" as only the Vicar's daughter could; the Squire bore up under it for a full minute, and then whispered (most audibly) to his sole companion in the front pew, "Let's get out of this." The two men made their way down the aisle. The Squire was a white-haired old man with a keen hard face; the other was a conventional Major, khaki-clad and erect. He was a brother-officer in the regiment to which the fallen hero belonged. The village did not know him, nor even the fallen hero, who happened to be the Squire's nephew.

The old live man and the dead young man had quarrelled. The villagers only knew that the hero, after months at the front, had come home wounded, and had stayed for a fortnight in the village without even seeing the Squire, and had gone back to duty and death. The old man, who could not have speech with him in life, ordered a memorial service for him in death. But that was just what their Squire would do!

Outside the church the Squire thanked the Major. "It was good of you to come. Very seemly. Now we will have a bottle of port. I hate these functions, but it is, of course, right that they should be held. I never liked my nephew—seemingly you did, sir—but he *was* my nephew, and it is right that the village should honour the name. You understand."

The Major nodded. He would have said a good deal—had he said anything at all.

The port was splendid, but before the first glass was drunk, the butler came in and mentioned a name to his master. "Show the Colonel in," said the Squire gruffly. The Colonel, it seems, was the Chief Constable of the County. He was full of regrets for his absence from the service. And he gave the reason. In the river which ran not a mile from the house two bodies had been found that morning. They were the bodies of two German prisoners who had escaped some three months ago from an internment camp in the County.

The Squire lifted his glass. "We'll drink to them," he suggested. "They had the decency to drown themselves before they set foot on my land." Then he explained to the Major that the river was his boundary.

The Chief Constable interposed. "I will not drink even your glorious wine under false pretences. They did not drown themselves. At least, I think not. They either bashed one another to death or were murdered. It is a very strange case, and a horrible one. We shall not take any great amount of trouble over it, of course—but their injuries are extraordinary. The skulls of both men are pulp. Their ribs have been driven in, and they were in the river. To me it is clear that they were murdered and thrown in afterwards."

"And a very proper treatment, too," said the Squire. "Fill your glass, Colonel, and pass the decanter round." But the Colonel could not stay. "Those d——d dead Germans have made me busy," he explained.

For a good half-hour the Squire and the Major drank on. They discussed everything except the dead Germans and the fallen nephew. The Major was watching his host carefully and waiting his chance. Only the day before had he played with his dead friend's little son and sought to give courage to the young wife who mourned her husband. And they were poor—oh! so terribly poor.

The Squire, however, had reverted to the Germans, and was developing all kinds of theories as to the way in which they had met their fate. At last he challenged the Major. "What do you think about it?"

The soldier hesitated. "I am going to ask you to listen to a longish story," he said. "Now might it not have happened in some such way as this? Suppose—let us say—that last summer a couple of officers wounded from the front came to stay in these parts."

The Squire nodded. "Several did," he admitted. "My own nephew did with a friend of his——."

"Very well," continued the other. "Now suppose—or, at any rate, imagine a blazing hot summer afternoon—for all the world a summer afternoon in France—and two officers lying out under the cover of the bushes with the flies flicking at them, just as in France. Suppose that the nerves of one of them were greatly overwrought as the result of long trench work and the poor chap was sleeping—a little away from the other. The other was awake—just awake—and suddenly the thought came to him that he was not at home at all, but back in France."

"I follow," said the Squire, a little eagerly.

"The lie of the land—the river a few hundred yards away below—it might just happen that everything might look like France—might look like some particular corner in France where something very big had happened to these two men.

"A clock strikes two—a church clock somewhere near. The officer who is not sleeping springs to his feet at the sound. It was the same note—exactly the same note—as some bell which had struck the hours somewhere in the rear while he was in the trenches. What does he remember about that bell? I will tell you. Only a hundred yards in front there are the enemy. Their trench is to be charged and taken, and the assault is to be made—such are his orders—when that bell strikes three. And he is to wait—and wait—and wait till the bell strikes three. You can realise the tension—the thoughts—eh? At three I charge; at 3.5. I may be in the agony of death. But until three I am to be in the hellish agony of waiting. So after that same d——d bell had struck two I can assure you the officer who was awake was tremendously awake. Now I will ask you to suppose something else. Imagine that he had heard that the day before a couple of Germans had escaped from an internment camp, and just on the off chance he had brought his field-glasses with him. From the cover of the beeches that sheltered him from the sun he occasionally turns those glasses on the countryside. In this way nearly an hour passes,

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 106)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 105)

when suddenly, right away beyond the river somewhere amidst the gorse and bracken, he sees a man on all-fours pass over a bare patch, and disappear in the bushes beyond. A minute later, a few yards higher up, a second man makes a similar movement. Now, men do not move that way unless——."

"The Germans," suggested the Squire.

"Well, that is what I ask you to suppose," replied the other, scanning his man closely. "The creeping men left cover almost together, and crept up the river's bank. One very cautiously raised himself and looked over to scan the country on the other side. Then both of them dipped behind the bank and talked. And then, even before you knew it, they were over the bank and were swimming to the other side. The officer makes ready to receive them. Near by is a heavy stick, and he grasps it. They are on the opposite bank now, and are about to run for a line of thorn bushes which lie near the centre of the first meadow.

"And then, just at that moment, the d——d bell strikes three. It was the old summons. The call was magnetic and irresistible, but before the officer can answer it something else has happened. . . . The other man has heard it too. He—the other officer—is on his feet, a mad creature. In his hands is a great hedge stake, which he carries like a bayonet, and with wild cries and mad oaths—God rest him—he is charging. Their hands shot up just as the d——d German hands went up when we tackled them in the very same charge in France—but long before I could get to him he had smashed in their skulls and butted holes into their carcases, just as we did together in France. The bell did it, and, of course, he was mad again as he was mad that day in France.

"When I got to him they were dead, beaten almost out of human shape—a filthy sight—and he was on the ground on his knees snorting and shouting to imaginary hosts to come on.

"I chucked them in the river and took him home."

The Squire leant forward to refill the Major's glass. "This really *did* happen?" he asked, breathing hard.

The Major bowed his head.

"And the man who did it was my nephew?"

"Yes. It was the bell, you know, the same old bell—the sun and the blue sky and the Germans—the bell did it."

"Rats and nonsense," cried the Squire, springing to his feet. "I tell you it was nothing of the sort. None of your high-falutin' explanations for me. The boy was a Belstone—that's what did it. It was the blood—the old family blood. Asleep was he? Nothing of the sort! He sighted those filthy Germans before ever you did. Was he going to let swine like them set foot on Belstone land? Not he. That's why he felled them. Look here, I drink to him. He was my nephew, every inch of him. Belstone blood is Belstone blood, and I'll pocket my pride and be civil to the woman he married, and his lad shall follow me here. D——n it, sir, I'll make a settlement on them to-morrow. You cannot get away from blood, sir."

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Motoring—And an Anniversary

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Five Years

FIVE years ago, no more, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, pioneer aviator, earnest student, and fearless experimenter, fell and was killed; and somehow we mourned him as never an aviator was mourned before or since, if we except Grace who, in essential characteristics, was very much as Rolls, and whose end was equally crushing in its drama. Five years only since death struck at Rolls in the Bournemouth pageant; but the good he did lives after him. And if to-day we are again thrilled—as we *are* thrilled unless our nerve fibres have coarsened and made us clods—by the splendid story of British aerial supremacy which comes to us from out the fog of war, we owe it, in some measure impossible to determine, to the work of the pioneers, and in particular measure to the work of Rolls. And so it is very fitting that the Flying Services Fund, established by the Royal Aero Club for incapacitated officers and men ot the air services, or the widows and dependents of the fallen, should be augmented by those who would pay a tribute to the memory of the Hon. C. S. Rolls.

* *
*

A Great Pioneer

That tribute need not be confined to those whose admiration is for the work of the aviator. First and, perhaps, dominantly, Rolls was a motorist. He drove a Peugeot in 1905, as my friend, Chas. G. Grey, reminds me (and, by the way, if you would have the brightest and best of the aviation papers, the most vigorously written and the most helpful and informative, I commend you to the *Aeroplane*); and it is the name ot Rolls, in conjunction with that of Royce, the great automobile engineer, which is perpetuated in the Rolls-Royce car. The genius of Mr. Claude Johnson has fostered that car until the name is the hall-mark of the world's greatest automobile. To Rolls-Royce owners, and to the great congregation who would be Rolls-Royce owners if the purse permitted (is one of us outside that congregation?) the appeal of this fund after Rolls' own heart, must be potent. We have an infinity of calls upon us, and what is left in the bank is speedily extracted by the tax-collector; but, perhaps, here and there, a little is available which can be used for the purpose. In which case, Lord Kinnaird, the Hon. Treasurer, will be glad to have the cheque at the offices of the Royal Aero Club, 166, Piccadilly.

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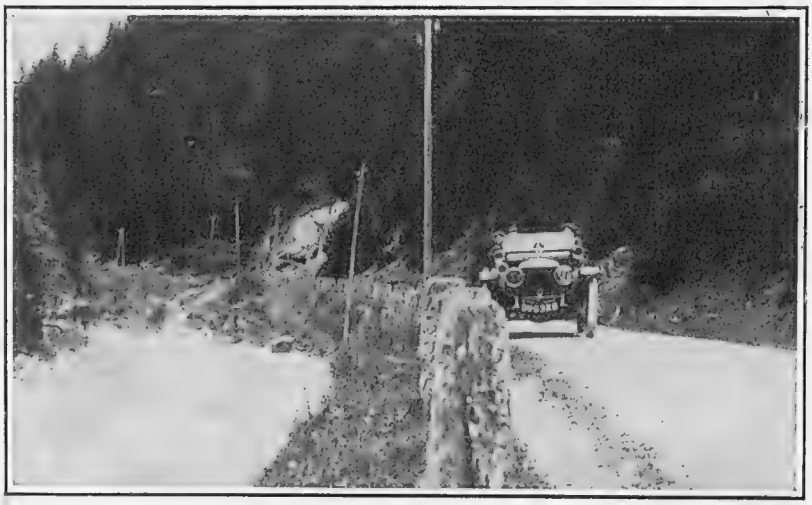

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FINE BILLIARD ROOM,

ample offices.

COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.

Motor garage with pit. Beautiful pleasure grounds, kitchen garden and orchard, in all about 4½ acres.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, at The Mart, E.C., JULY 27th (unless previously disposed of).

Solicitors, Messrs. BAYLEY, ADAMS, HAWKES and NOBLE, Bank Chambers, Tower Bridge Road, S.E.

Illustrated particulars of Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

600FT IN LOVELY POSITION.

SURREY HILLS.

TO BE SOLD AT A WAR PRICE, this finely proportioned and well-built modern RESIDENCE, standing in

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

Long carriage drive. Large lounge hall, two reception rooms,

BILLIARD OR MUSIC ROOM 41FT. BY 30FT.

8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices; Company's water and gas. Stabling, garage, 3 rooms over. Tennis lawns, kitchen and fruit gardens; woodland dell, etc., all well matured.

Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

AMIDST PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS.

ESSEX, NEAR BRAINTREE.

In a sunny position. On a hill about 200ft. up.

TO LET, UNFURNISHED, this well-built modern RESIDENCE, containing: Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, excellent offices, 7 bedrooms, bathroom. Stabling for 3.

WELL-DISPLAYED GROUNDS OF 5 ACRES.

Tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens.

Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

AT A NOMINAL RESERVE.

By order of Trustees of the late James Jenkins, Esq. In beautiful district, close to Ascot and Windsor.

"BROCKHILL COTTAGE," WARFIELD, NEAR BRACKNELL.

Occupying a perfectly rural and secluded position.

COMFORTABLE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, approached by carriage drive. 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases, 2 spacious reception rooms, square hall and ample offices. Stabling for 5, cottage and farmery.

LOVELY OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS

and grassland of nearly 7 ACRES.

Also an excellent building site of nearly 5 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION (in 2 lots), at The Mart, E.C., JULY 27th (unless previously disposed of).

Solicitors: Messrs. CRAWLEY, ARNOLD and Co., 1, Deans Yard, Westminster, S.W

Illustrated particulars of Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Estate Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

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IN THE PRETTIEST PART OF KENT.
29 MILES FROM LONDON.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE SUMMER, this charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situated some 400ft. above sea-level and commanding lovely views. It is approached by a drive with 2 lodges and contains: 4 reception, 16 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms; Company's water; acetylene gas; certified drainage: stabling and garage for 3 cars; beautiful old gardens of 10 acres, with shady lawns, etc.; rough shooting over 120 acres. —Rent and further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (F 2,909)

WITHIN 1¼ MILES FROM FLEET STATION, MAIN L. & S.W. RAILWAY. 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

"RED LODGE," FLEET.—A FREEHOLD PROPERTY of about 5 acres with a well-built RESIDENCE, situated 250ft. above sea level, on sandy soil amidst the pine and heather. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, kitchen, etc.; stabling and farmery; Company's water; the grounds are singularly attractive and planted with specimen trees; tennis and croquet lawns, shrubbery, kitchen garden and paddocks. To be OFFERED by AUCTION at the Estate Room, 20, Hanover Square, W., on JULY 26, 1915.—Particulars of Mr. FRANK T. BOWLER, Estate Agent, Fleet; of the Solicitors, Messrs. BEACHCROFT, THOMPSON and Co., 9, Theobald's Road, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

MAIDSTONE DISTRICT.
¾ Mile from a Station.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

THIS PRETTY BRICK AND TILED RESIDENCE, standing 280ft. above sea-level with South-West aspect. Accommodation: 3 large reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and lavatories; Company's water; stabling and coach-house; nicely laid out grounds of 1½ acres. Cottage and meadow of 3 acres can also be rented if desired. RENT, £80 PER ANNUM.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,227)

15 MILES NORTH OF LONDON. FOR SALE

THIS PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, standing on a hill on gravel soil, and containing: hall, dining room, drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; Company's gas and water laid on; telephone installed; wired for electric light, which will shortly be available; pretty grounds of 1 acre, including lawn, flower garden and kitchen garden. Two-thirds of purchase money can remain on mortgage.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,225)

WILTSHIRE. 3 Miles from Devizes and 7 from Chippenham.

"SAINT EDITHS" (with about 40 acres, the entirety; or about 20 acres, lot 1.) The above RESIDENCE, built of Bath stone, approached by two carriage entrances, each with lodge, and containing four reception rooms, conservatory, and 16 bed and dressing rooms. Stabling for 8 horses; farm buildings and other commodious premises; well-matured gardens and pleasure grounds, with a good quantity of glass; various enclosures of grassland and two blocks of allotments.—For SALE by AUCTION at the Estate Sale Room, 20, Hanover Square, on WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1915 (unless previously Sold privately), as a whole or in lots. Solicitors, Messrs. BEALE and Co., 16, Great George Street, Westminster; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

HAMPSHIRE.
Between Alton and Farnham. 1 Mile from Station.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for a year or longer, this comfortable and picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in nicely timbered grounds on gravel soil 600ft. above sea-level. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Hot water heating; acetylene gas; good stabling and heated garage. The grounds extend to about 7 acres and are extremely pretty, being intersected by a stream. There are tennis lawn, flower gardens and 2 paddocks.—Further particulars of KNIGHT FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 3,225)

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50 minutes from London by express train.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE, SET IN DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS, PARK, AND WOODLANDS.

Oak-panelled dining room, 2 other reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling, 2 garages.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

25 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON ON THE SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.

300ft. above sea level. Perfectly rural position.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.—A FINE OLD 14TH CENTURY BLACK AND WHITE HOUSE WITH BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF 22 ACRES: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; complete offices with servants' hall; garage; farmery. *All modern improvements with electric light; telephone; central heating; modern drainage; company's water.*—Sole agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W. Inspected and highly recommended.

TRENT MANOR, SHERBORNE.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE BLACKMORE VALE.

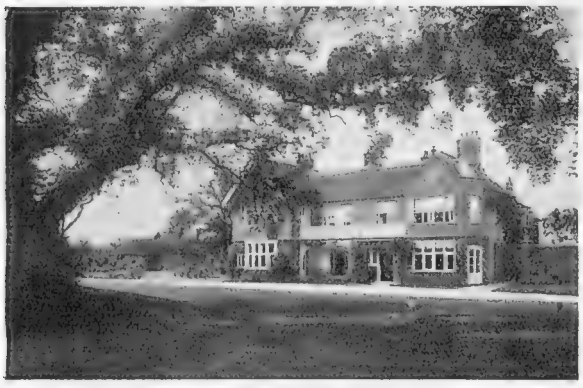
TO BE LET, FURNISHED, an HISTORIC TUDOR HOUSE (famed as the hiding place of King Charles II.), and surrounded by LOVELY OLD GROUNDS AND PARK.

Exquisite views. Many of the rooms are SUPERBLY PANELLED IN OAK.

The accommodation comprises: 16 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, lounge and outer halls; stabling for 9, garage; gas, telephone, modern drainage.

1,000 ACRES ROUGH SHOOTING.

—SOLE AGENTS, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil, who strongly recommend from personal inspection.



BERKSHIRE.—In a beautiful part, 2½ miles from Midgham Station (G.W.R. main line), 7 miles from Newbury, and 13 miles from Reading; 360ft. above sea level; South aspect; fine views.

CHARMING RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 105 ACRES,

comprising picturesque Residence (originally an old farmhouse, but practically rebuilt some years ago) with all modern conveniences, and fitted with electric light: 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 7; garage, lodge, 3 cottages; fine model farm buildings, really delightful old gardens, 25 acres woodland and the residue good grass and arable land. —Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil. Inspected and strongly recommended.

THREE SPECIAL LONDON HOUSES.

PRACTICALLY ADJOINING THE PARK. MAYFAIR.

A BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED AND WONDERFULLY WELL-PLANNED HOUSE, in a quiet and much coveted position, to be LET,

Unfurnished, for 3, 6, 9, or 12 years (at tenant's choice)

at the low commencing Rent of

£550 per annum.

The House is splendidly fitted-up throughout with every up-to-date contrivance for convenience and comfort, including passenger lift, service lift, fine principal staircase, and a secondary staircase, panelled walls, hot-water radiators, etc.

10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 very charming reception rooms, large lounge hall and cloakroom, exceptionally good offices.

A new Lease will be granted to a tenant at the above-named rental, or, as an alternative, the Direct Lease of 70 years, held at a ground rent of £120 per ann., will be Sold at £8,500.

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QUITE AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

LEASE 70 YEARS. LOW PRICE.

UNIQUE TOWN RESIDENCE for SALE, in a favourite position on the Howard de Walden Estate. It is undoubtedly

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE

of its size in the whole of London, exquisitely designed and appointed, with superb French and Italian decorations.

Fine marble staircase, electric passenger lift, choice fireplaces and doors, oak floors, panelled walls, and many other attractive features.

BUILT ABOUT 7 YEARS AGO REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE,

the House has since, from time to time, been the subject of further heavy expenditure on improvements, and will now be Sold at

HALF ITS ORIGINAL COST.

The House possesses a handsome and wide stone front, with elegant bay windows, and the accommodation comprises: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bedrooms for menservants, 3 well-fitted bathrooms, splendid entrance hall and landings, 2 staircases, morning room, library, boudoir.

WONDERFUL DINING AND DRAWING ROOMS,

the latter of which rooms alone cost as much as £2,500 to decorate. There are remarkably complete domestic offices and a modern garage, which will accommodate 5 or 6 cars, with good living accommodation over.

Carefully inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

A REMARKABLY CHOICE HOUSE IN PRINCES GATE.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN PRICE.

It occupies an ideal position, facing beautifully timbered grounds and overlooking and having immediate access to extensive private gardens.

The House is thoroughly up-to-date in every way and is most tastefully and expensively decorated, large sums of money having recently been spent upon improvements, etc., including handsome mahogany doors, parquet floors, choice fireplaces, white panelled walls, well-fitted bathrooms and lavatory basins; new sanitation, etc.

11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, charming boudoir, 2 beautiful drawing rooms (25ft. by 20ft. and 23ft. by 16ft.), fine dining room (44ft. by 18ft.), good library (17ft. by 13ft.); splendid domestic offices and capital stabling. Lease 23½ years. Ground Rent, £80.

Price, £4,500.

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Orders to view and further particulars of the above and other suitable Residences will be forwarded on application to WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

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ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

BY ORDER OF LADY WATKIN.

A WAR BARGAIN.

FOLKESTONE (situate in the centre of this fashionable seaside town, 1 minute's walk of the Leas).

"DUNEDIN LODGE."
EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE,

containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception, bathroom; garage for 3 cars; billiard room over. Charming garden.

EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE,

including electric light, radiator heating. For SALE by AUCTION by HARRODS (Ltd.) as above, at on early date.

ONLY 13 MILES NORTH OF TOWN.

HERTS.—An exceptional opportunity to acquire an area within easy reach of churches, stations, shops, etc., on a southern slope, about 400ft up, forming

AN IDEAL SITE

for a good Residence. Large portions of the grounds have already been laid out. Some retain their natural features, with underwood, furze, etc., the whole extending to about

7 ACRES.

For SALE at sacrificial price.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 18 765)

SURREY (Walton Heath District, near LOVELY DOWNS and GOLF LINKS, 500ft. above the sea level).—To be SOLD, the above lovely OLD MANOR HOUSE, standing in beautiful well-timbered grounds of 16 ACRES. Three reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; good stabling; 3 cottages.—Full details from the owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

GARDEN GATE TO COMMON AND GOLF COURSE.

ESSENTIALLY A GOLFER'S RESIDENCE.

SURREY (station 8 minutes, excellent trains to Town in 30 minutes).—The House contains: 3 reception, 7 bed, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, and good offices; large garage; exceptionally fine garden (with tennis lawn) of 1 ACRE; electric light; telephone; main water and drainage; an exceptionally well-fitted and comfortable house.

FOR SALE.

—Full details from the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY HILLS. 550ft. up.
MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE TO BE SOLD. It contains: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception; Company's water; bath (h. and c.); small garage; modern drainage; delightful garden of 1 acre, including flower and kitchen gardens, lawns, etc. For SALE by AUCTION by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, at an early date.

10 MILES NORTH OF TOWN (adjoining golf; approached by drive with lodge). — The HOUSE contains: outer and inner halls, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; main water, gas, and drainage; radiators; 'phone; electric light available.

MAGNIFICENT OLD GARDEN

of about 4 acres. To be LET or SOLD.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 18,914)

HAMPSTEAD HEATH (near).—Exceptionally well-built HOUSE, erected for owner's occupation.

WYKEHAM, GOLDERS GREEN.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 5 bedrooms (3 more easily added), bathroom; delightful little garden; garage.

For SALE by AUCTION, JULY 27 next.—Full details from Messrs. FORBES and MCLEAN, Solicitors, 8, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C., and from the Auctioneers, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TELEGRAMS: "Mercural, London." TELEPHONE No. 1579 Regent.

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ON THE COTSWOLD HILLS.
CLOSE TO THE FAMOUS MINCHINHAMPTON GOLF LINKS.

STONE-BUILT TUDOR RESIDENCE, with oak-panelled walls: large lounge hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, 10 bedrooms; stone-mullioned windows; gas, main water; main drainage; beautifully matured and heavily-timbered grounds and paddocks of 6 ACRES; 3 cottages.

Price, Freehold, £2,250.

BARGAIN OF THE YEAR, £8,000.

BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM (1 hour from Town; high up; glorious views).—Picturesque OLD SUSSEX HOUSE. Lounge hall, music room, 4 handsome reception, oak panelled billiard, 2 bath, 13 bed and dressing-rooms; radiators; acetylene gas; telephone. BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS. Long carriage drive with pretty entrance lodge; 5 cottages; stabling, garage; modern farm buildings and finely-timbered park. 200 ACRES. BOUNDED BY A RIVER.

WAR BARGAIN.
INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE.
EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES NECESSITATE SALE.

EASY REACH OF NEWMARKET AND NORWICH.—A beautiful COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 handsome reception, gun room, bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms; central heating; garage; excellent stabling; charming pleasure grounds and grassland of 4½ ACRES. Perfect order. £700 recently spent on improvements. Fishing, boating, excellent shooting.

BARGAIN, £2,000 (less than half cost).

No reasonable offer refused.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

GENUINE WAR BARGAINS.

WINCHESTER (near).—A charming COUNTRY HOME: 2 reception; winter garden; full-sized billiard room, bath, 5 bedrooms; stabling, garage; pretty bungalow; main water; gravel soil; beautiful gardens with double tennis lawn, croquet lawn, rose gardens, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 3 ACRES.

Freehold, £1,375 (two-thirds can remain).

HORSHAM (near).—Handsome XVIth Century RESIDENCE. Gothic windows, oak beams, inglenooks; 3 reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; main water, gas; entrance lodge, stabling, garage; farmery; beautiful gardens and PARKLANDS of 70 ACRES. Freehold £3,750. (Would be Sold with 30 acres.)

A REAL BARGAIN.
MUST BE SOLD IMMEDIATELY.

HERTS (G.N.R., 1 hour from King's Cross, 'midst lovely country).—An imposing and massively-built RESIDENCE: 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; Company's water; main drainage; stabling, motor garage; cottage; farmery; charming old-world and heavily-timbered pleasure grounds and grass paddocks of

10 ACRES.

HUNTING. FISHING. GOLF.

BARGAIN £1,850

A PROPERTY OF GREAT CHARM.

BETWEEN TONBRIDGE AND SEVENOAKS (50 minutes from Town).—GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, in perfect order: 4 handsome reception, bath, 8 bedrooms, ELECTRIC LIGHT throughout; long drive, gardener's cottage; fascinating pleasure grounds, paddocks and prolific orchards, in all 14½ ACRES. Stabling, motor garage; farmery, gravel soil, golf, fishing, hunting. Income from orchards alone £150 per annum.

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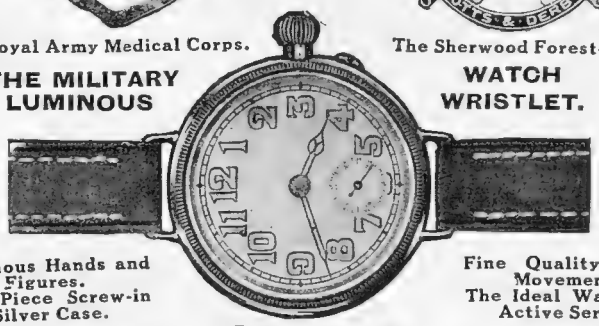

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SURREY HILLS (about 400ft. up; superb views). Freehold.—To be SOLD, delightful HOUSE, in centre of 1½ acres; charming flower, fruit, and kitchen gardens, fine rockery, tennis lawn, 2 summer-houses. Near golf links; large garage, stabling: handsome carriage drive; conservatory, greenhouse, etc. House contains: drawing, dining and morning rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, large boxroom, boot-house, etc.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

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Rubber Buttons, together with Best English Elastic and Nickelled Brass Rustless Fittings.

Cotton (plain check, or stripe), 1/- pair.
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By Post, 1d. extra.

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Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited. June 15th, 1915.

Dear Sirs,—I have pleasure in stating that the 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce car I obtained from you has run over 20,000 miles since May of last year, without any attention whatever to the engine, the same not even having been dismantled for the cleaning of the cylinders.

I am very pleased with the car, the above facts testifying to the durability and good workmanship of the cars turned out by you.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. S. LAYCOCK.

P.S.—The total mileage I have run this car since I got it is over 140,000 miles.

The above letter (the original may be seen by anyone interested), is one of many unsolicited testimonials which we are constantly receiving.

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Milk is an invaluable food, but it must be pure and fresh every day.

Ideal Milk is better than ordinary milk, because it is absolutely pure, more easily digested, and always ready, clean and deliciously creamy.

Ideal Milk is simply fresh dairy milk of finest quality, from which a part of the water is evaporated. The whole tin is then carefully sterilized, and consequently freed from all bacteria. Add two parts of water to one of Ideal, and you have MILK—the same as the best dairy milk minus only the bacteria.

Undiluted, it replaces Cream.

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Holiday Skirts Cleaned and Pressed for 3/-

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And it *can* if you call or telephone the nearest "Achille Serre" Branch or Agent. We are represented in most Seaside and Country Towns and it would be well worth your while to find out who will collect your orders in *your* holiday resort—*before you go.* May we send you our Illustrated Catalogue and list of Addresses?

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which we are supplying to the

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THE ROVER COMPANY, LTD.,
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Dear Mr. Smoker,

May I introduce myself?

My name is Carolina Cheruto.

I am an Havana Cigar and was first found by Columbus over 400 years ago when he discovered Cuba.

They have been making cigars in Havana ever since. They have improved the quality of the leaf, and they have altered their shapes and sizes as fancy took them.

But they have never improved upon the original shape, and the consequence is I am re-discovered.

Frankly I am a by-product.
The great Carolina Factory has enough tobacco left over from the manufacture of its Bouquets Finos, its Perfectos, its Celestiales and its Coronas to make me in millions.

So I am just as good a smoke, just the same tobacco as my more expensive brothers.

But 5 like me only cost 1/6 which is the price of one of my bigger brothers so I save you money.

Your Tobacconist will tell you all about me, but not half as much as you will learn for yourself when you smoke me.

I am, yours to enjoy,

Columbus and myself

I am as big as this.

Carolina CHERUTO

5 for 1/6 27/6 per 100

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POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

OFFICERS' KIT.

"I regard the reputation of Pope & Bradley at stake over every individual military garment produced by the House during the War."—H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE making of Officers' uniforms for active service is an art entirely distinct from mufti tailoring, and unless each garment is cut and fitted by experienced military cutters, it is impossible to obtain the correct military style. It is imperative, therefore, to impress upon Officers who have not seen active service the necessity of ordering their Kit only from recognised military establishments. Second-grade materials and workmanship are useless, and will not stand even for a few weeks the excessive strain of work at the Front. To economise over Service Kit is not only a false but a suicidal policy.

The House of Pope & Bradley holds a pre-eminent position amongst the few exclusive West End Military tailors, and their Service connection includes practically every commissioned rank in the Army.

Service Jackets	from	£3	13 6
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Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin strapped)	,,	2	12 6
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All Accessories in Camp and Service Equipment supplied at Store Prices.

Full Kit List on application.

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The Care of the Sick.

ILLNESS demands much care in the feeding of the patient. Again in Convalescence, or when the Digestion becomes impaired through Worry, Overstrain, or as the result of any other cause, the question of suitable food is of the utmost importance, if health is to be regained. Aged persons also need to pay special attention to their dietary, particularly to the last meal at night; this should be such as to ensure quiet and refreshing sleep and digestive rest. The food selected for use in all these cases must be palatable, easy of digestion, wholly nourishing and speedily restorative.

For Invalids, Dyspeptics and the Aged.

The 'Allenburys' DIET

Made Immediately by adding boiling water only.

Quite Distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants.

The 'Allenburys' Diet embodies all the essential requirements of a complete nourishment in the highest degree. It supersedes cow's milk and the usual invalid's foods and enjoys the recommendation of the medical profession because it possesses the following advantages:—

1. ***The 'Allenburys' Diet*** presents the vital elements of a complete food, viz:—pure, rich, full-cream milk and whole wheat in a palatable form.

2. ***The 'Allenburys' Diet*** is digested with ease, being manufactured with scrupulous care by a special process, during which the ingredients are partially predigested. Thus the DIET can be readily assimilated by the most delicate, and when taken last thing at night it is surprisingly helpful in promoting restful sleep.

3. ***The 'Allenburys' Diet*** is exceptionally nutritious. Under its use, weight and strength increase and complete nutrition is secured.

4. ***The 'Allenburys' Diet*** entails no elaborate process in its preparation; this has all been provided for and ***only boiling water*** need be added to render it ***instantly ready for use.***

A Large Sample sent Free on Request.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37, Lombard St., London
Established 1715.

In tins at 1/6, 3/- and 6/- each of all Chemists.

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Perfect Comfort

¶ The Ideal Lounge combining luxurious comfort with elegance and durability

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23in. 27in. 30in. 33in. 36in.
23/- 27/- 30/- 33/- 36/-

Packed free

Send for Patterns of Coverings to Dept. B.

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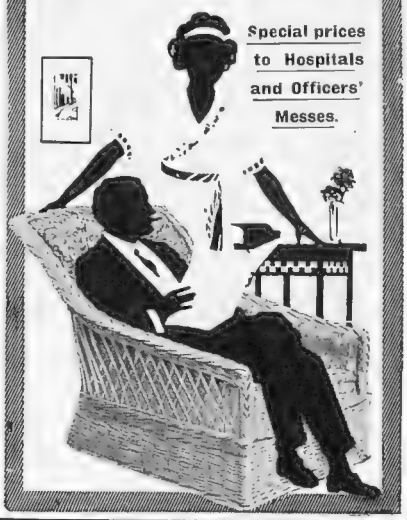
Special prices to Hospitals and Officers' Messes.



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your skin in hot weather and prevent Sunburn, Tan, Redness, etc., use

Rowland's KALYDOR

It soothes and heals irritation, insect stings, and all cutaneous defects, and produces a lovely delicate complexion. Size 2/3 and 4/6. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and A. Rowland and Sons, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

FOR THE KIDDIES!

"WILLOW-LODGE" FOR HOUSE OR GARDEN.
Size—6ft. x 5ft. x 2ft. 3in.
Folds flat for transit or storage
Complete with 2 little Chairs and Table **49/6**
WILLOWCRAFT Ld., Ingham, NORWICH.

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GARDNER PROCESS

BLOUSES from **1/3**
DRESSES „ **3/6**
GENTS' SUITS 4/6
Carriage Paid one way.
Wm. GARDNER & Co. Ltd.
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BOOTMAKERS ESTABLISHED 1871

The **Best Boots** for **Active Service** are those in the **Norwegian Style.**

Easy to put on and take off.
Extremely Comfortable.
Waterproof.

52, South Molton Street, London, W.
And 26, Trinity Street, Cambridge.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Dainty Dressing Without Extravagance

OF course the sales are still running, and very excellent ones they are. But their end is drawing near, and it is, therefore, only reasonable to surmise that the pick of the models have gone, and, furthermore, that many keen shoppers, and especially remnant-lovers, are now left to the sole consideration of how best to turn their possessions to account.

The Vogue of the Apron—

Although the probability of it applying to any particular case is remote, still there is a helpful suggestiveness in the pictured summer frock of spot muslin, trimmed with plain muslin and taffeta, materials which might very well represent remnants. Spot muslin in its every expression is finding a significant amount of favour bestowed upon it, from the *couturières* who count and a comparatively short length would suffice for the moderately full skirt and sleeves, which is all that is required for our original design.

SUGGESTION FOR A SUMMER FROCK

Of spot muslin, with corsage of spot lavender taffeta, designed with a view to utilising remnant purchases, and fully described on this page

For the charming little *paysanne* corsage—another pronounced penchant—there is used a real old-world spot lavender taffeta, this completed by a drawn tucker of plain white organdi. The latter likewise fashions the tiny upstanding frills trimming the skirt, each one set on with a cross-way fold of the silk, the cuffs to the sleeves being similarly adorned, and completed by a shaped *volant* falling over the hand. But the note of distinction is the quaint little *tablier* of organdi, a fancy that has recently sprung up the other side the Channel, and been adopted *con amore*. A broad soft black satin sash is worn at the waist, a black bow adorning the shady white muslin *chapeau*, the brim of which is lined with lavender aerophane. And the *ensemble* stands a complete indication of the infinite charm that lies in simple, unrestrained effects.

—And of the Princesse Petticoat

In its way fully as important as the transparent dress it accompanies is the underslip of soft silk and lace. And it is also an economy, since it can always be arranged to go with various upper coverings. Furthermore, planned *en princesse*, it serves equally with a long, short, or normal waist, and supplies the nowadays inevitable dressy little *cache* corset. *Ninon*, *tulle*, and lace are all rivals in the privilege of trimming these *jupons*. *Bouillonnées* of *tulle* are very dainty, and by no means as ephemeral as they sound, while superposed flounces of *ninon* are frequently cut up petal-wise, and always *picot*-edged. However, for our pictured scheme lace has been selected in the guise of a deep flounce, which instead of being gathered on is draped, each point punctuated by a little true lover's knot of ribbon. Then below, accentuating the draperies, are trails of tiny hand-made silk or chiffon flowers, and these are repeated on the *cache* corset. A flat lace tucker finishes the *décolletage*, while a fine beading unites skirt and upper part, which is held up over the shoulders by ribbon straps. Flesh pink soft silk is much in favour for these underslips.

A Practical Skin Treatment

Without verging even on the odious comparison, it may be safely said that Beetham's "Lait La-rola" has no rival in bringing about what the proprietors claim, namely, a softening and strengthening of the epidermis. It is, moreover, a perfect emollient, and may, with all confidence, be used in the nursery, as it is guaranteed pure and free from all injurious ingredients. The price, too, places it within the reach of everyone, the largest bottle costing 2*s*. 6*d*. and the smallest 1*s*.

Nor for that very pardonable touch of colour, when properly and artistically supplied, is there anything closer to nature than "La-rola Rose Bloom." This is in powder form, and is easily worked into the skin; while a particular word at the moment is due to the "Anodyne Cooling Lotion" for removing swelling,

irritation, and tenderness of the feet. All Beetham's preparations are obtainable from the chief chemists throughout the world.

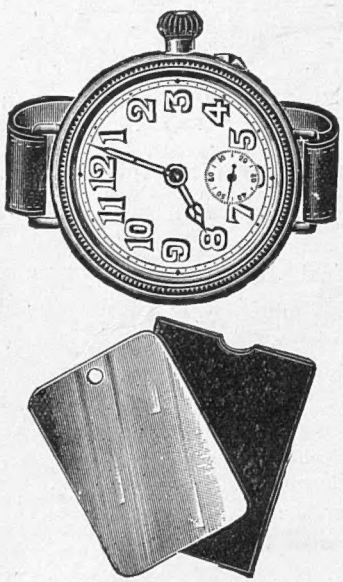
Military Equipment

From the commencement of the war Messrs. John Pound and Co., 268-270, Oxford Street, have set their wits to work to devise campaigning requisites, some of slight and incidental character that may be looked upon more in the light of luxuries, and others that must inevitably be regarded as of necessity. Foremost among the latter comes an "Officers' Canteen," fitted with aluminium spirit lamp, small saucepan, cup, etc., complete with khaki cover, measuring only 6½ by 3 inches, at 21*s*. Camp furniture of every description is supplied at very moderate prices, together with all varieties of kit bag, rue sac, and valise. A patent collapsible pocket periscope, the "Lifeguard," is offered at the very accessible price of 12*s*. 6*d*. and 15*s*., according to the case selected.

CONVALESCENTS AT ROEHAMPTON HOUSE, S.W.

One of Queen Mary's auxiliary hospitals for soldiers and sailors who have lost their limbs in the war

Quite one of the most successful pocket lamps is to be found at Pound's, in the "Fountain," a neat compact little model, from 3*s*. 6*d*., the refils costing 1*s*. each. Although small, this lamp is quite reliable, a fact that cannot be too strongly emphasised, since more harm than good is done by the adoption of an untrustworthy light. Similarly with luminous dial watches. Only the reliable makes are of any real practical value, and here Messrs. Pound most decidedly score a big point in their "Service" wrist watch, in solid silver dust-proof case, mounted on a strong strap, at 55*s*. An illustration of this most excellent timekeeper will be found close at hand, the plain definite character of the figures being clearly evidenced. Also illustrated is Pound's "Unbreakable Mirror," made of highly polished steel, complete in solid leather case; 3*s*. 6*d*. is the very moderate price charged.



"SERVICE" SPECIALITIES

Wrist watch and unbreakable mirror (of polished steel), in case at Messrs. John Pound's, 268, Oxford St.

It is an invariably interesting experience to pay a personal visit to Messrs. Pound, in order to inspect their numerous well-thought-out and beautifully made military equipments, but failing the possibility of so pleasurable a procedure an illustrated catalogue and price-lists will be sent post free for the asking.

Clothes and the War

We are apt to forget the fact that very soon our clothes will cost us more. The firm of Harry Hall, the well-known West End and City tailors, of 207, Oxford Street, W., and 149, Cheapside, E.C., foresaw this, and some months ago made large purchases of materials, which are still offered at the old prices. They offer, for instance, mufti suits and overcoats at 63*s*., which are frequently sold elsewhere at from 4 to 5 guineas, so that our readers will be well advised to replenish their wardrobes at once and thus take advantage of these benefits. The firm also specialise in Service dress, and can supply complete equipment in twenty-four hours, perfect fit, accuracy in every detail, and entire satisfaction being guaranteed, and it is even possible, by means of a simple self-measurement form, to obtain an accurate fit without a personal visit. The firm have been established now for over twenty-five years, and have been awarded twelve gold medals for the excellence of their productions.

Military Keepsakes

One of the most appropriate souvenirs of friends away on active service is the badge of the regiment to which they are attached. These are being exquisitely reproduced in the form of brooches, finely modelled in gold, at the one uniform price of £2 2*s*., by the well-known firm of goldsmiths, Messrs. Charles Packer and Co., of 76 and 78, Regent Street, who have been making a speciality of this form of keepsake. Without doubt these brooches are unique in beauty, in durability, and in price, for no better value could possibly be obtained

Evviva "La Carona"!

The famous "La Carona" factory easily maintains its premier position in the cigar industry of Havana. The most recent proof of this is to be found in the fact that the Jury of Award, at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, has awarded the Grand Prix for excellence of quality, workmanship, etc., to the "La Corona" brand. Many prizes—silver medals and diplomas of honour—have been given in the cigar section, but the Grand Prix won by the Corona brand is the highest award of all. Gold medals have been awarded to the following brands: Cabanas, Henry Clay, Bock, Manuel Garcia Alonso, Carolina and Villar.

A Patriotic Firm

Messrs. Debenham's, Ltd., of Wigmore Street, W., have subscribed for £50,000 worth of War Loan, and at the same time have made arrangements to assist their staff in purchasing War Loan.

To Teach "Tommy" French

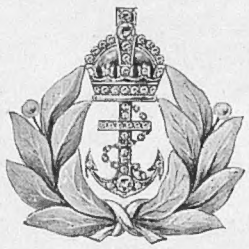
Some months ago Messrs. Coleman and Co., Ltd., of "Wincarnis" fame, presented to the War Office 15,000 booklets, entitled "What You Want to Say and How to Say It in French," by W. J. Hernan, for the use of our soldiers in France and Flanders. The booklet proved so useful that a further gift of 50,000 copies (revised and enlarged) has been made by the Wincarnis Company. The booklet, in its revised form, can be obtained from W. J. Hernan and Co., 110, Strand, price 6*d*.

Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED NAVAL & MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES.

18ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Set Diamonds, **£7.** Without Stones, **£4 15 0**



18ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Set Diamonds, **£10.** Without Stones, **£4 10 0**

Any Military or Naval Badge can be reproduced in Gold and Enamel, with or without Precious Stones from £3 10s. to £50. Sketches and estimates on application.

Care of the Hands

Nature endows us at birth with white, soft and beautiful hands, which daily exposure tends to coarsen.

Would you care, then, madam, to protect your hands, to keep them as they should be, soft and white, so that they emphasise your personality by a charm all their own.

You can do so with little trouble and expense.

Just sprinkle a few drops of Ess Viotto, rub well in, and the hands will be both white and as smooth as velvet, without any accompanying stickiness.

Ess Viotto is delightfully perfumed with the odour of fresh violets, and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/3, 2/6, and 5/- per bottle.

If difficulty is experienced in obtaining, sent Post Free on receipt of remittance by H. Bronnley & Co., Ltd., Bronnley's Corner, Acton Vale, London, W.

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Royal Letters Patent.
Unobtainable Elsewhere.

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for day or evening wear.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

Morning or House Gown of Dull Purple San Toy, with Coat Back, waist finished with Shot Taffeta Ribbon.

Price 8 Gns.

DAINTY LAYETTE

BARRI
72, Baker Street, London, W.

CORSETS BELTS

Trial Bottle. 6d.

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

Exterminated by "LIVERPOOL" VIRUS

RATS

No Danger to Animals. NO SMELL.
In Tins baited for Rats 2/6 & 6/-; for Mice 1/6.
Of all chemists, write particulars: Dept. G.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd.
56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

The Menu: How to Cook Tinned Meat

MANY people have a great prejudice against tinned meat, and there is no doubt that it is generally sent up cooked to rags and most uninviting in appearance. Still, there are many housewives who may be glad, in the present high prices of fresh meat, to economise by using tinned meat occasionally, and if nicely seasoned the remains of other meat or poultry can be utilised with it. The following recipes will be found economical and tasty:

Shredded Beef

Boil some carrots in water, take them out and cut in slices. Fry three large onions in golden brown rings, drain them, and put carrots and onions into a large cupful of gravy, and let them simmer for ten minutes. Thicken the gravy, and add flavouring. Ten minutes before serving put in 2 lb. of minced Australian beef, and keep it quite hot, but not boiling. Serve with sippets of toast round the dish and some peas which have been boiled separately dotted round at intervals in little heaps.

Cup Pies

Rub 6 oz. of lard, dripping, or butter into 1 lb. of flour and a dessertspoonful of baking-powder; add a well-beaten egg and about a gill of milk; this should make a stiff paste. Line some small casserole cups with the paste and fill with some Australian beef cut into dice and mixed with a very little fresh pork. Cover with a lid of paste, and bake twenty minutes. When cooked, turn them out of the casseroles, pour a little gravy through the lids, and leave to get cold. This paste is very light and short. These little pies are useful for picnic luncheons.

Meat Pudding

Cut 1 lb. of Australian mutton into pieces about one inch in length and width, cut up ½ lb. of fresh ox kidney, and season it with pepper and salt. Line a greased pudding-basin with suet crust, put in the meat and kidney, pour in half a teacupful of gravy which has been flavoured with mushroom ketchup or Worcester sauce, cover with the crust, and boil for two hours. This makes a very savoury pudding.

Fricasséed Rabbit

Fry two onions cut in slices to a nice brown, and lay them at the bottom of a stewpan. Open a 2 lb. tin of rabbit, and set it in a saucepan of boiling water Keep the tin in the water long enough to melt the jelly from the pieces of rabbit; pour the melted jelly among the fried onion, add a little gravy, and simmer while the rabbit is being fried; thicken the gravy, and slide the rabbit out gently on to a plate. Roll each piece well in flour and fry. Put the pieces carefully into the gravy and onion, and leave them to get thoroughly hot through, cook some thin slices of bacon, and garnish the rabbit with them. Great care must be taken *not* to let the stew simmer after the rabbit is put in, or the pieces will break from the bone

Breakfast Brawn

Cut into small pieces and simmer half an ox-foot, some peppercorns, three cloves, a little mace, and two small onions in half a pint of water for an hour. Strain the liquor and add a gill of good gravy. Pour in sufficient to cover the bottom of a mould, and let it get cold while you cut up into neat pieces ½ lb. of any kind of tinned meat or tongue. Season the meat with black pepper and salt, and mix the gravy in it well, pressing all down firmly into the mould. When quite cold it will turn out a nice shape of meat encased in jelly.

Beef Fried in Batter

Cut some pieces of beef an inch thick, dip them in a batter made of three tablespoonfuls of flour, a teacupful of milk, and one egg well beaten, flavouring of salt and pepper. Fry a nice brown, and serve with green peas.

EMILIA